PASSING EVENTS

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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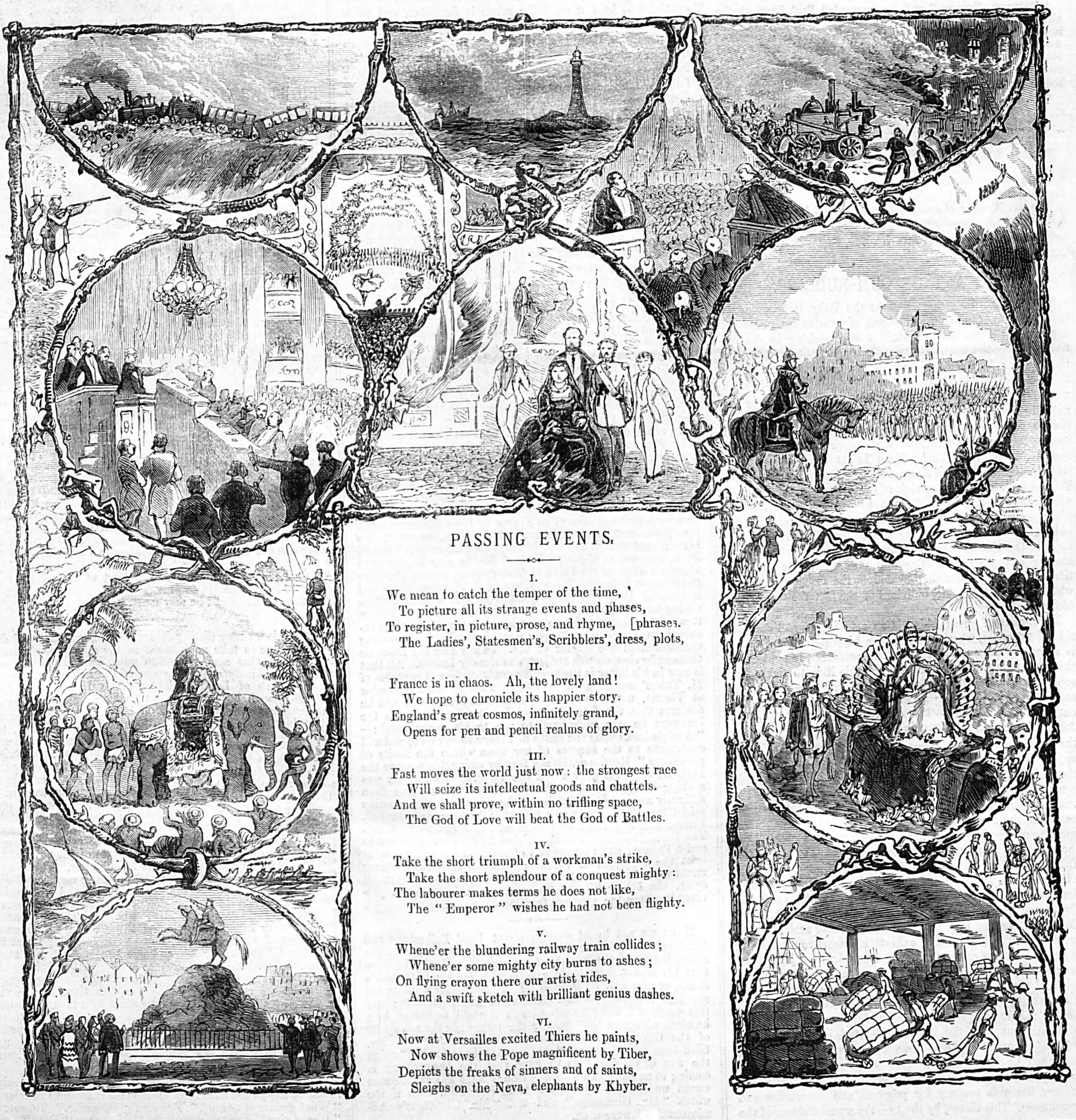

PASSING EVENTS.

I.

We mean to catch the temper of the time, '
To picture all its strange events and phases,
To register, in picture, prose, and rhyme, [phrases.
The Ladies', Statesmen's, Scribblers', dress, plots,

II.

France is in chaos. Ah, the lovely land!
We hope to chronicle its happier story.
England's great cosmos, infinitely grand,
Opens for pen and pencil realms of glory.

III.

Fast moves the world just now: the strongest race
Will seize its intellectual goods and chattels.
And we shall prove, within no trifling space,
The God of Love will beat the God of Battles.

IV.

Take the short triumph of a workman's strike,
Take the short splendour of a conquest mighty:
The labourer makes terms he does not like,
The "Emperor" wishes he had not been flighty.

V.

Whene'er the blundering railway train collides;
Whene'er some mighty city burns to ashes;
On flying crayon there our artist rides,
And a swift sketch with brilliant genius dashes.

VI.

Now at Versailles excited Thiers he paints,
Now shows the Pope magnificent by Tiber,
Depicts the freaks of sinners and of saints,
Sleighs on the Neva, elephants by Khyber.

VII.

Where Shakespeare's figures fill the immortal stage,
Where poet-hands bright tapestry have woven,
He is ubiquitous: his graphic page
Opens to Wagner, Offenbach, Beethoven.

VIII.

He'll pencil for you legal folk in Court,
My Lud, the Bar, the Jury, and the Claimant!
Ay, he will furnish forth a deal of sport,
For quite an inconsiderable payment.

IX.

In fact, he's here and there and everywhere;
Whatever chance, by instinct he will know it;
Passing Events in land, on sea, in air,
Never henceforth will artist lack, or poet.

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THE ART OF GUM-RUBBING.

That fascinating young creature the Baby Hippopotamus is at the present moment an object of greater interest than ever. Society has learned that it is beginning to cut its teeth, and repairs in shoals to see its tender gums rubbed by the keeper. Master Guy Fawkes has learnt by experience the soothing nature of the operation, and submits to it even with pleasure. He opens his mouth wide, and allows his nurse to insert his hand and scrub away at the place where the coming tusks are beginning to pain him. What more interesting than to recognise that touch of nature which makes all babyhood kin! Even infant hippopotami have their tooth-ache, and are distressed after the fashion of Little Toddlekins when she bites viciously at her coral. Perhaps—who knows?—they are troubled too with that spasmodic phenomenon known in matron-lore as the whispering of angels. Perhaps they turn up the whites of their eyes, and smile in the ghastly manner of human babies when the angels are very communicative. Certainly they appreciate the friction of their gums, and thereby delight the anthropoid crowd, who look on and chuckle, oblivions of the fact that this thing too is an allegory.

For the art of gum-rubbing is an art widely practised outside of nurseries, whether human or hippopotamine. There is a regular caste of unprofessed gum-rubbers, in politics, in theology, in law, in literature, whose pride it is to tickle and soothe that big baby-hippopotamus the British Public, and to ease—or pretend to ease—its growing annoyances. There are outgrowths and upgrowths of civilisation which cause John Bull as much trouble as shooting teeth cause the infant sufferer. What task, then, nobler than to apply the moral ivory—the intellectual india-rubber—the ethical soothing-syrup of many Winslows? The remedy is no doubt incomplete; it is at best a counter-irritation; it can but assist and not obviate the sharpness of tooth-cutting; but then the intention is estimable, and the manner of the operator may convert his trifling assistance into a boon. Thus the vocation of gum-rubber is highly respected by the world. Take the political career, which is an office of gum-rubbing on a large scale. The House of Commons is an esteemed institution for the affriction of the nation's gums, and amid the abrasion of parties the legislative molars come through. The Church is another institution on a yet grander scale. What gentle limatures it applies of exhortation, what rough rasping of dogma and doctrine; and would fain file all our jaws down to one level, but that human nature is too stubborn, and the spiritual masticators refuse to appear in the order desired. All teachers, philosophers, lecturers, newspaper-writers, practise the rubbing of gums. Not an orator rises when the table is cleared but with the intention of applying the art. The Duke of Somerset devoted himself to it with zeal the other day, when he tickled an audience with the belief that they were the finest outcome of all the ages, and that never was a century like this century for progress and knowledge and beneficence. This theme, by the by—the wonderfulness of the nineteenth century—is a favourite form of gum-rubbing. It soothes our social miseries, it abates our discontent and our sense of a hundred new perplexing problems, to be assured that we live in a marvellous age, that the steam-engine is an enormous benefactor, and that our growing acquaintance with the sun's photosphere will some day do wonders for us. What though a dozen difficulties are born every year? What though we are troubled with growing complications of labour and capital, with the *crux* of wage and of land-tenure, with foreign aggression, with the immunity of violent crime, with a threatened split in the Church, and with a daily extending political discontent? It is still a wonderful age — an engineering age—a scientific age; and herein is our consolation for all.

Each specific pang that heralds the coming of some social grinder, has its own form of coral and india-rubber. A grievance, say, breaks out between this country and another nation, threatening not so much hostilities in the present as countless difficulties in the future. Forthwith is fashioned Arbitration, which settles little now, and nothing by and by; and then there arrives a little man with a big flag, who walks through England, pays us compliments, and tickles our gums as a set-off for loss of money and prestige. Does a long-standing sore of legislation become altogether unbearable? Appoint that gum-rubber a Parliamentary Commission, which does nothing but scrape the afflicted part. Does a combination of the working-classes threaten society with chaos? Send five gas-stokers to prison, and the peril is removed. Does a horrible undetected murder (one of many such) shake our confidence in the preservation of life and order? No matter: "the police believe they hold a clue" to the murderer, and they continue to hold it until the crime is forgotten, and some other crime arises. And though these pangs recur, and recur in other forms, there is always the consolation that if we have not cured them, we have at least done our best. This satisfaction is the last resource of gum-rubbing when all others fail. We have tried everything; human ingenuity can go no further; we must live in hope; and meanwhile whatever is is right, and all is for the best. This is a favourite method of domestic gum-rubbing, practised with more or less success by wives and mothers and sisters, by clerical comforters, and by the feminine element generally of the community. It is the lubrication for disappointed hopes, thwarted ambition, and the dread of evils to come. And for the last discomfort, which is the worst of all, there is the further solatium that however bad the ill, it will soon be over. Many a man has rubbed his gums ruefully with this assurance, conveyed by some sympathizing dear one at his side. It is a poor emollient, no doubt, but, such as it is, makes not the least effective form of gum-rubbing in the absence of immediate remedies.

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The Duke de Gramont's letter in reference to M. Thiers' statements, (1) that the Prussians had not sought a pretext for going to war with France, and (2) that in declaring war France was in no way entitled to count on aid from Austria, is one of the most important documents in connection with the origin of the war that has appeared. No candid person who has read the despatches from the Duke de Gramont published in M. Benedetti's "Ma Mission en Prusse," can doubt but that the Duke believed, whatever may have been the facts of the case, that Prussia was bent on picking a quarrel with France and attacking her suddenly, and, as nearly as possible, by surprise. It is equally evident from these same despatches, that M. de Gramont counted on being able to beat Prussia at her own game. Volumes may be written on the subject; but no one can prove to demonstration that Prussia did or that she did not calculate on the effect that was sure to be produced in France by the announcement of the Hohenzollern candidature. M. Thiers, however, has himself said that it was out of spite to France that General Prim, annoyed by the opposition of the Emperor Napoleon to the candidature of the Duke of Montpensier, proposed to offer the Spanish crown to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern; and if General Prim felt sure that the idea of a Hohenzollern sitting on the Spanish throne would cause irritation in France it would be strange if no suspicion on the subject had occurred to Prussian statesmen whether actively interesting themselves in the matter or not. In any case the Duke de Gramont's view on this subject was already known. All that is new in his letter is the positive contradiction it contains of M. Thiers' assertion that he had been told, when ambassador at Vienna, not to count on the alliance of Austria; and he declares that the following now familiar language was the language he was authorized to use to his government:—"Austria looks upon the cause of France as her own, and will contribute to the success of her arms within the limits of possibility." Hostile critics say that by citing this passage the Duke de Gramont proves that the Imperial Government was seeking alliances against Prussia before the Hohenzollern difficulty arose. But that is not the question. The question raised by M. Thiers was whether, attacking or attacked, France had any right to reckon on the support of Austria. The Duke de Gramont maitains that Austria was pledged to assist France; and that seems to have been the opinion, or at least the suspicion of Prussia; for when the Crown Prince crossed the French frontier, one of the corps belonging to his army, the 5th or Silesian Corps, remained in its native province to watch the Austrian frontier.

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Have we not heard enough about Lord Folkestone and Mr. Gladstone? Lord Folkestone has made an explanation contradictory of the report of his speech, and who believes that his father, Earl Radnor, does wish for Mr. Gladstone's death, or ever said he desired it? Undoubtedly what he did say had reference to Mr. Gladstone's Administration; and this we should believe even though it could be proved by a hundred witnesses that neither the father nor the son spoke of the Government, but named only Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone is the Government; and to hope for his "going the way of all flesh" is to hope that the Government is coming to an end. This at any rate is what any candid man would understand by what Earl Radnor said, even if the words "Mr. Gladstone," and not "Mr. Gladstone's Administration," were used.

PERSONAL.

A Parisian Journal says the Lord Mayor of London will visit Paris about the 15th of January.

The Rothschild family, with their usual generosity, have subscribed largely to the inundation fund of the *Paris Figaro*.

It is rumoured that a baronetcy is about to be conferred on Mr Bass, the well-known brewer, and member for Derby.

A Royal Admiral has been made in the person of Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, who has accepted the commission of admiral in the Danish fleet.

It is rumoured that a daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia will be shortly betrothed to Prince Milan of Servia.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine is nearly certain to come on at the beginning of February. It will take place in the Ecole Militaire at Paris.

Madame Thiers has sent 1,000f., and the Orleans Princes 25,000f., to the fund being raised by the *Paris Figaro* for the relief of sufferers by the floods in the department of the Seine.

Sergeant Bates will return to the United States on the 9th inst., in the White Star steamer *Atlantic*, the owners of which line have tendered him a complimentary return passage. The sergeant goes to Ireland to visit some old American friends.

We are glad to hear from the latest accounts that the Czarewitch is improving in health, and that the imminent danger has passed. It is most singular how widely spread sickness has been of late amongst Royal personages on the Continent. It is almost as remarkable as the courtly round of measles which occurred two or three years since.

On Saturday M. Thiers, Madame Thiers, Mdlle. Dosne, M. Dufaure, M. Léon Say, and a number of other illustrious French guests, were entertained at dinner by Lord Lyons at the English Embassy in Paris. The banquet went off under the happiest auspices—politics being eschewed, and the conversation, both of the French President and of our gallant veteran diplomatist, being most animated. On leaving the Embassy, M. Thiers had a severe fall, from the effects of which he is slowly recovering.

FIGHTING THE POST-OFFICE AUTHORITIES.

Sir Henry Stracey, who is not only a Norfolk baronet, but also has gained some renown by the way he lost his seat for Norwich, is, we understand, says a contemporary, at present engaged in a war with the Post Office. Sir Henry Stracey, it would seem, insists that if there is to be a post-office in the village of Rackheath it shall be in his park lodge. He doubtless is well acquainted with the characters of all his neighbours, and is well aware that the only man in the whole parish fit to serve his country happens at the same time to be the keeper of his lodge. The Post Office officials are unreasonable enough to object to this, and have tried to establish their office elsewhere. Sir Henry Stracey, however, is too much devoted to his country to allow it to employ incompetent officials, and happily, owning all the houses, is able under a threat of viction to keep all his tenants free from the temptation of embezzling letters. No one perhaps gains more by this arrangement than the letter-carrier. Instead of having to pass dreary hours while waiting for the arrival of the mail-cart in a close, ill-ventilated cottage, with nothing to appeal to his higher feelings, he stands out in the fresh air of the late winter night, with the stars for him to gaze at, whenever it does not happen to be raining, and a county magistrate close by, in Rackheath Park, to shield him in case of attack from robbers, with all the majesty of the British Constitution whenever it does not happen to be the London season. The sorting of the letters he no doubt carries on with difficulty; but as he stands in the dark road in the heavy rain, deciphering the addresses by his "lanthorn dimly burning," he must feel in his heart that he is no common postman, but that he is, in his way, as conspicuous among sorters as Sir Henry Stracey is in his way among baronets. We learn that the Post Office is thinking of taking the whole poetry out of the present arrangement by providing a kind of sentry-box, where he will be sheltered from the rain. Doubtless, the letters would in that case escape many a wetting, and the letter-carrier a rheumatic fever; but, on the other side, a high-minded baronet would, by a kind of trick, have been defeated in his attempt to provide his country with an official in whom both she and he may trust.

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There is no more distinguishing mark of amiability of disposition than to take an interest in the sports of children; and, indeed, that man or woman must be amiable who can gaze with a kindly smile on some of the games indulged in by the youth of London. Their pretty frolics of pelting passers-by with heavy stones, or pushing elderly women off the pavement into the gutter, ought, perhaps, to call down silent blessings on their heads, but, it is to be feared, too often produces invocations of a contrary character. A new toy has been introduced into the London nursery this Christmas which, to judge by a case which came before the magistrate at the Marlborough Street police court, is not calculated to draw forth the better feelings of grown-up humanity. Three boys were charged with discharging "a sort of percussion cap of French manufacture," by means of toy pistols, thereby causing loud reports calculated to frighten nervous persons and horses. Three constables gave evidence against the prisoners. The first constable saw one of the boys let off one of the caps behind a woman to frighten her. The second constable saw about twenty boys "rushing about and discharging the caps into different shops," and the third constable witnessed the explosion of a cap behind an unwary pedestrian looking into a shop window. The prisoners' parents were called upon to find bail for the future good behaviour of their offspring, one parent remarking that he considered "shopkeepers should not be allowed to sell such things, and that they were greater offenders than the boys." There is, however, little to choose between the shopkeeper who sells the caps and the boy who lets them off; one is actuated by a love of gain, and the other by a love of amusement, and both equally sin against society. But these percussion caps are trifles compared with the deadly catapults which shopkeepers provide for the purpose of enabling London boys to put ont people's eyes and break windows without fear of detection.

The following is a genuine dialogue which occurred recently in one of the public schools of London:—Teacher to Scholar: "What gender is mouse?" Scholar: "Feminine." Teacher: "Please give the masculine gender." Scholar: "Rats."

AT HOME.

About one hundred and thirty-five blue-jackets are about to leave England for Australia, in order to man the colonial-built schooners destined to put down slave-dealing and kidnapping in the South Seas.

Michael Kennedy, who mortally shot his wife in the head at Pendleton in October last, when excited with drink, was executed in Manchester County Gaol on Monday morning. He had since his conviction expressed deep contrition for the crime, and was quite resigned to his fate.

It is believed that Parliament will be opened by the Queen in person, and that Her Majesty will, in all probability, be accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice. There is every chance also of the Queen personally inaugurating the statue of the lamented Prince Consort, which has been erected on the Holborn Viaduct. The date of the latter ceremony, however, has not yet been fixed.

A man named Crawford has resided with his family for some time in and near Southampton. He had been in India, and had a sunstroke there, which at times affected his brain. Some time since he was tried at Winchester for attempting to kill his child, but owing to the favourable evidence of his wife he was acquitted. On Saturday his wife applied to the magistrates for protection. Her husband, she said, carried a pistol, and had attempted to shoot her. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, and just as it was about to be executed, he put the pistol in his mouth, and blew out his brains.

There is a rumour that the Postmaster-General intends to reduce the ordinary telegrams from 1s. to 6d. Certainly it is high time that such an alteration were made. When the Government took over the business of the telegraph companies, it was stated that the intention was ultimately to reduce telegrams of 20 words to 6d., but that the change could not be effected at once, as the influx of business would be so great that the department would be considerably embarrassed. This was feasible enough, and everybody must have admitted its justice; but a long time has elapsed since then, and still this desirable reduction has not taken place.

For two days, under the presidency of the Rev. Mr. Vardy, Head Master of Birmingham, the annual conference of Head Masters of first-grade schools has been held in that city. Resolutions of much interest to the scholastic profession were adopted by greater or smaller majorities—involving, among other matters, the adherence of the Conference to its previous suggestion that English with French or German should be taken as an alternative for Greek or for Latin in the Cambridge previous examination; the urging on Government of a system of registration for teachers; the importance of adopting a uniform rule in the pronunciation of Latin, and other subjects of cognate interest. The next year's conference, on the invitation of Dr. Ridding, will be held at Winchester.

After nearly fifteen years' quietude the inmates of the Agapemone at Spaxton, near Bridgwater, formerly known as "Princeites," and described by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in "Spiritual Wives," have commenced a series of revival meetings. One of these was held on Sunday at Hamp, and was largely attended. One of the two speakers was Mr. Williams, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England. He declared that the Gospel dispensation had passed away, and that the judgment day had commenced; that Brother Prince had the spirit of judgment, and had purged and purified the bodies of his followers as well as their souls. Referring to the reproach which had been cast on them, he declared that they lived moral lives, and received nothing but spiritual good in the Agapemone. A large room has been hired at Bridgwater for the purpose of holding further meetings.

On Saturday morning a fracas of a serious nature, which nearly terminated fatally, took place at Green's Harbour, Berwick, between a party of Tweed water-bailiffs, assisted by a boat's-crew from the gunboat *Bull-frog*, which is placed on the station to prevent illegal fishing, and a number of Berwick-fishermen. The bailiffs observed the fishermen lifting salmon "bobnets," and, procuring the assistance of the gunboat men, they proceeded to the fishing ground, where, it is alleged, they were immediately surrounded, and an attack made on them. The gunboat men fired first with blank cartridge, and afterwards with ball, one of the bullets passing through the neck of a fisherman named James Jamieson, and a second shattered the ancle of William Patterson. The fishermen then dispersed, and medical assistance was brought to the wounded men. Neither of the men is considered to be out of danger.

An amusing case was heard before the Southampton magistrates on Saturday. A respectable young man, named Renyard, was charged with loitering in the streets in woman's clothes. A constable proved having seen him on the previous night in female attire. The prisoner's defence was that on Friday night he was at a Christmas party playing forfeits, and he was "sentenced" to walk down the main street dressed in woman's clothes, and, being "in for a lark," he did it. The policeman said prisoner was wearing a woman's hat, a crinoline, a black silk skirt, and a shawl—clothes which a companion of the prisoner, who was also at the party, said were borrowed from ladies who were taking part in the game of forfeits. The magistrates told the accused that he had been guilty of a very stupid Christmas frolic, but had been punished quite enough by being locked up all night, and they therefore discharged him.

The Rev. Vyvyan Henry Moyle, vicar of Eston, a village near Middlesbrough, has been arrested on a charge of forgery. A private firm in the district was lately turned into a limited liability company, and shares to the value of 10,000*l*. were allotted to Mr. Moyle, on which he paid up 3,500*l*., the amount of three calls. A few days since the secretary received what purported to be 220 fully paid-up shares, drawn in the name of Mr. Moyle, sealed with the company's seal, and attested by the secretary and two other members of the company. These documents were accompanied by a transfer, signed by Mr. Moyle professedly in the presence of the secretary. The solicitor of the company having communicated with a company in London supposed to have advanced money upon these spurious documents, the worst suspicions were confirmed; and Mr. Moyle, being brought before a magistrate, was remanded for a week.

On Monday, in the town of Holywood, a watering-place in county Down, a horrible double murder was discovered. The victims of the crime are Miss Kerr, an aged lady, and her servant, Jane Tower, who were the only inmates of the detached villa in which they resided. At an early hour in the morning a milk-boy knocked as usual at the door for the purpose of delivering the milk, and, being surprised that no one responded, he looked through the window. To his great alarm he saw the corpse of one of the murdered women lying on the floor in a pool of blood. Terribly affrighted, the lad at once gave the alarm, and the house was entered. The bodies were found to be shockingly mutilated. Nothing was discovered to give an immediate clue to the perpetrators of the crime, but it appeared that a postman had observed two persons, in female attire, leaving the dwelling at about eight o'clock the same morning, who, there is reason to believe, were the murderers. One of them was a tall and muscular person, the other rather low in stature. Both were carrying bundles, and there is reason to think that they committed the murder early in the night, and remained on the premises several hours packing the spoil.

The mysterious death of a man named George Williams is causing much comment in the city and neighbourhood of Bath. The deceased was 41 years of age, and had for many years been confidential clerk to a solicitor. The day after Christmas-day he dined with some friends, and left at half-past four in the afternoon, remarking that he had to obtain possession of a house. On the following morning his body was found in the Avon, two miles from the city. There was a large wound and several smaller ones on the head, and bruises on the body, which, when found, had floated partly into a boiler which had been placed in the river. A circumstance that has excited much attention is the fact that the body was floating, and that the upper side of the head was completely dry when deceased was found. An inquest has been opened, but adjourned for a week. A post-mortem examination has been made, and proved that the injuries, which were sufficient to cause death, were inflicted before deceased got into the water, but death resulted from drowning. It is said that the deceased was quarrelling on the evening previous to his death, and from these and other circumstances, which it would at present be impolitic to make public, the police have been induced to undertake a stringent investigation.

An inquest was held on Saturday last at the Duke of Clarence Hotel, Sheerness, before Mr. T. Hills, coroner, and a jury, of whom Mr. T. M. Rigg was chosen foreman, touching the death of Walter Rankin, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, who met his death while fighting with another gunner named Charles Kelly. It appeared from the evidence that Kelly and a gunner named Piggott had some words about a piece of ham on Thursday morning last, in the course of which Piggott said he would find some one who would "kick Kelly's inside out." In the afternoon Kelly asked Piggott where the man was, and the deceased, who was in the room, jumped up, and challenged Kelly to go into the barrack-yard and fight it out. Kelly declined, and said as there was no non-commissioned officer in the room they could fight there. The deceased then went towards the door, and Kelly shut it, with a view to keeping him in the room. The deceased struck Kelly in the face twice, and then ensued what the witnesses described as a "fair stand-up fight." In the third round the deceased was knocked down, and when picked up he was found to be insensible. He was laid upon his bed, and soon afterwards a gunner named Morrison discovered that he was dead. The medical evidence went to show that death was caused by a blow or a fall, and the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Charles Kelly.

A young man named Walter Trinder, aged about 20, residing at Ealing, had for some time past been courting a young woman named Sarah Britton, who was living in service as housemaid at Ashton House, Ealing-green, the residence of Mr. Clarke. They had been spending Friday evening with some of Trinder's relations, and at about a quarter to ten they returned to Ashton House. Whilst together in the kitchen a fatal quarrel took place. Shortly afterwards Mr. Clarke, on going downstairs, discovered his housemaid lying in a passage on the basement between the kitchen and the ante-room, bleeding from wounds inflicted on her head. The police were communicated with, and Drs. Wilkinson, Brown, and Goodchild came and attended to the sufferer. On searching the kitchen a small poker was found, bent almost double, and smeared with blood, which it is supposed was used to inflict the injuries. At ten minutes past ten the young man Trinder was discovered by a woman named Bailey lying in Oak-street, about 300 yards from his home, with his throat cut in a frightful manner. He was conveyed home, and Dr. Goodchild attended and pronounced life to be extinct. The deceased was seen to run into the house, shortly before he was found, and it is supposed proceeded to his bedroom, where he must have cut his throat, and then run down into the street. A razor, smeared with blood, was found in his room.

Two men, named Smith and Singleton, were committed for trial by the magistrates, at Croydon, on Saturday, for a burglary at the house of Mr. James Alexander Douglas, banker, at the Grange, Coulsdon, on the night of the 9th ult. Property was stolen to the amount of about 40*l*. No noise was heard in the house during the night, but in the morning it was found that the premises had been entered in a daring manner. The burglars had raised an iron grating which opened into the dairy. The dairy window was covered with perforated zinc, and this had been torn off. A doorway leading from the dairy to the hall had a portion of the woodwork which the bolt shot into torn away, thus giving the thieves access to the house. They had then to unbolt some baize-covered doors, fastened by brass bolts, separating the back from the front hall. Having accomplished this, they were enabled to enter the drawing-room. The police were communicated with, and Inspector Convey, of the W division, received an anonymous letter, in consequence of which he sent two detectives to the house of a man named Smith. This man said some persons had told him where the stolen property was, and had asked him to assist in "lumbering" it off. Smith led Mr. Convey to a hedge in a lane, and took from out of it a bag, which was found to contain a carriage clock, two silver cups, two silver candlesticks, a silver sword scabbard, a silver knife, fork, spoon, and pair of sugar-tongs, and a case containing four pairs of scissors. Suspecting that he had a hand in the robbery, Mr. Convey took him into custody. The prisoner told him that if he went to a house in Myrtle street, in which Joe Smith lived, he would find the metal of a biscuit-box which had been melted down, the box having been thrown on the fire and the metal caught in a fire-shovel as it escaped from the grate. Mr. Convey went to the house indicated, where he apprehended Joe Smith, and found in a tool-basket a piece of molten metal. From further information he apprehended Singleton, who merely said "All right" when he heard the charge made against him.

THE PREVAILING FLOODS.

In most of our churches on Sunday week what is known as the "Prayer for Fair Weather" was read, and Heaven was reminded that though for the sin of man the world was once drowned except eight persons, yet a promise was made that it should never be so destroyed again. And then it is added, "that although we for our iniquities have worthily deserved a plague of rain and waters, yet upon our true repentance," &c. But the question arises, Is it so? Of course if we believe that this is a plague of rain and waters sent because of our iniquities there is no more to be said. We have only to amend our lives and wait. Are these rains and waters in truth a plague?

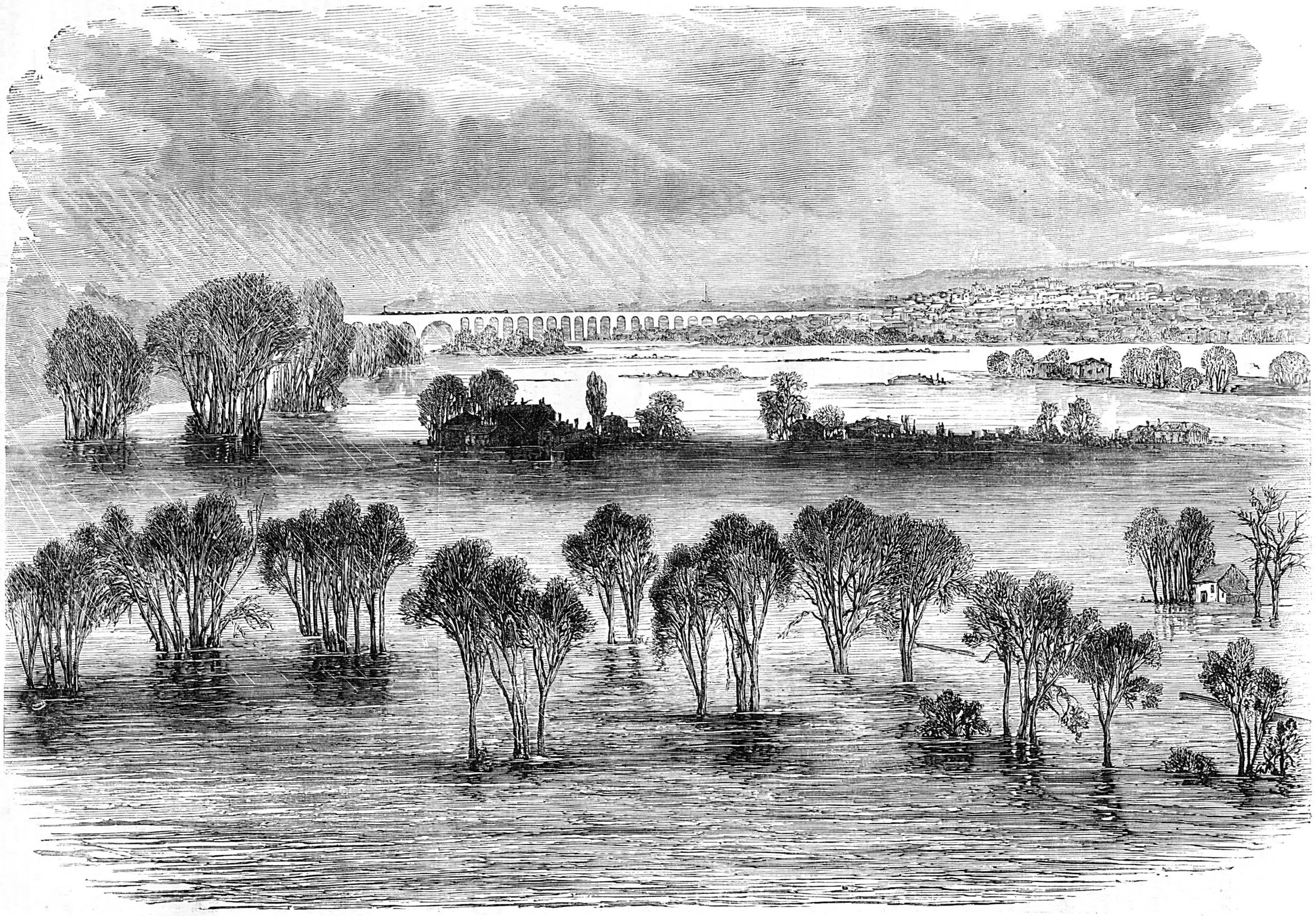
If the present floods teach us to construct reservoirs in which to store up a casual overplus and to provide ourselves against the droughts of the summer, they will prove not a plague but a blessing. But though the idea has been broached, it has yet to be accepted and rooted in the popular mind so as to take practical form and be applied with the patience and laborious teachable spirit which, as it deserves, so always in the end obtains success. If, instead of praying for fair weather, we were to strive earnestly for intelligence to comprehend the economy of nature, and for sagacity and industry to make us work with instead of against her, we should act more like reasonable beings, and less like peevish, thoughtless, and impulsive children, than is at present the case. It were better for us that our stupidity should be enlightened than that the rain should cease to fall. There are, no doubt, even now a number of people who seriously imagine that the laws of nature have been so unskilfully arranged that they require to be occasionally altered according to our own notions, to make them work properly, and that suddenly, or on emergencies, to cause more sunshine here, less rain there, a breeze instead of a wind, and no storms at all except when every vessel was in port and every man in bed, at the request of separate individuals or congregations, would be really better for the human race. What would follow if foolish prayers about the distribution of wealth and health, of rain and heat, of happiness and sorrow, were granted at once?

The statistical calculations concerning cyclones, trade winds, currents, geological and meteorological influences which have been so laboriously gathered and compared during so many years would be literally worth nothing. Skill, study, and industry would be rendered absolutely useless, for it would always be easier to pray that fields should be ploughed without work, that corn should grow without being sown, and that battered old collier boats should float as safely as well-built ships, than to give the labour, industry, and skill by which such results could be secured. There would be in fact miracles at discretion, the end of all being chaos and universal confusion. Now, for every disaster there is a cause—too much cargo, want of pluck, of perseverance, of judgment, of foresight, of knowledge. When the French discovered that by killing the small birds which picked off seeds and fruits they multiplied insect life to a destructive degree, they forthwith prohibited the shooting of small birds. In like manner, finding that the clearing away of the forests which clothed the mountain sides produced drought, the wisely decided to plant young trees in large quantities. That our rivers rise more quickly now than formerly is quite true. But is there no reason for this? We have enormously extended our system of drainage. Our drains are large and deep, and carry an immense body of water with great rapidity to the rivers and thence to the sea. Much liquid pollution which was before left to work its way into the earth is now conveyed to the rivers, and from our present system of farming, by which many small fields are thrown into one, the large trees are cut down, and the hedges reduced to the smallest size possible, we lose the recesses for water, and the shade which preserves the moisture. In the summer of 1873 we shall almost certainly be bewailing the drought and shrieking for rain. Shall we not when that comes to pass reflect with regret upon the millions of gallons of rain water which we have deliberately parted with; a quantity, according to Mr. Denton, sufficient to have furnished our whole population with thirty gallons a head for the space of eighteen years? In the benighted country of Spain a very efficient system of irrigation has long since been carried out; in India we know that it is the one thing which at certain periods stands between the people and famine, and Marseilles is better supplied with water than London. There the fountains are in full play, and the street gutters running with water so clear and plentiful that the little children wash their feet in it; the grass and gardens are irrigated night and morning, while the turf in our own parks is burned brown and dead.

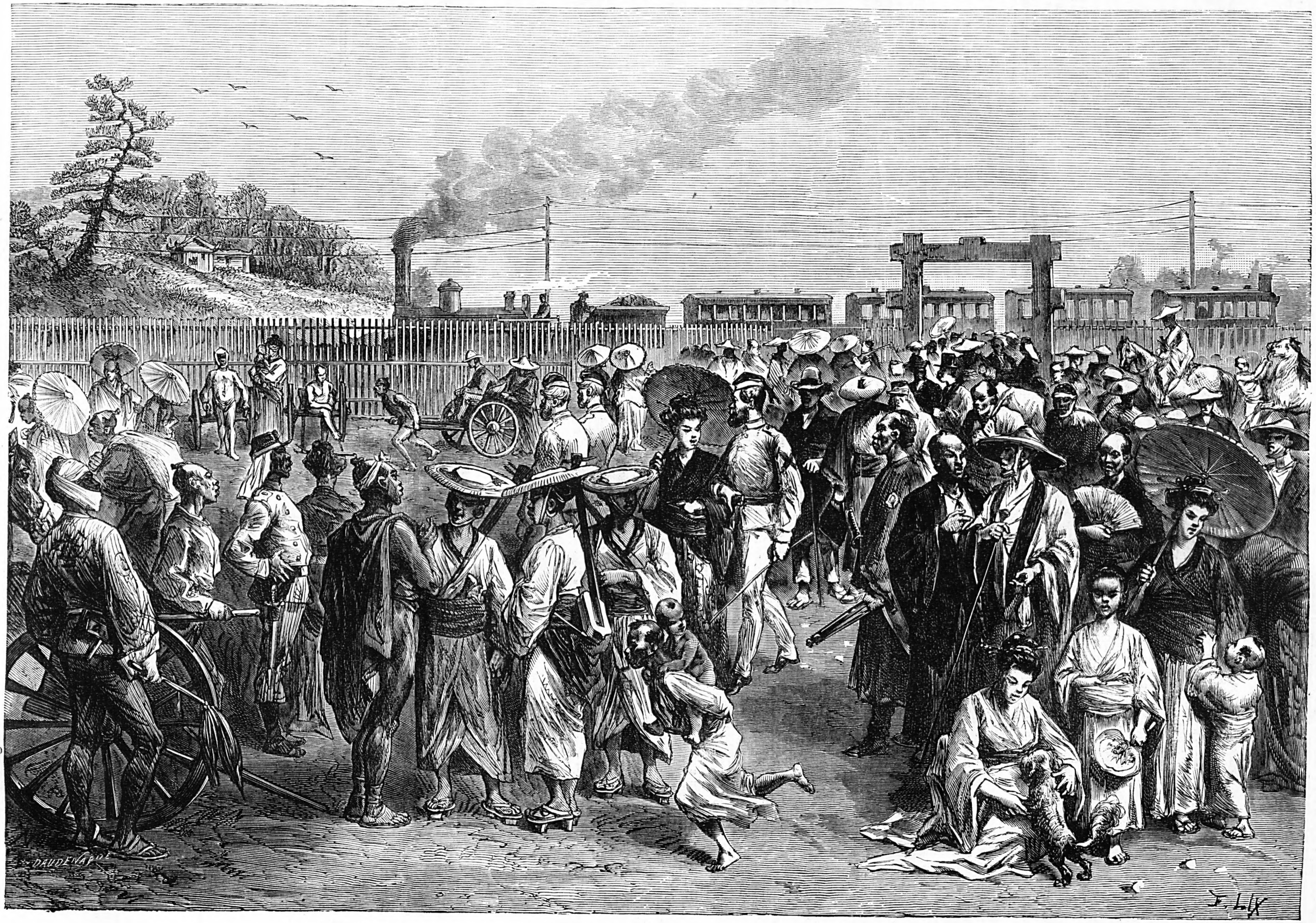
Abroad, too, the floods with which almost the whole of Europe has been visited are receiving serious attention. Two questions at present occupy the attention of French agriculturists. The first is to what extent the heavy rains of the past two months will injure the cereals in the ground, and the second, whether there is any reason to hope for a reduction in the price of grain. The floods have unquestionably rendered utterly useless very much of the wheat that has been sown, and large tracts of land will require to be re-sown in the spring. Besides the loss from this cause, there is at least a third of the ground usually devoted to cereals which it has been impossible to sow. Still, it is calculated that by sowing in March all the grounds usually devoted to grain crops, the crisis which threatens may be avoided. The spring wheats, unfortunately, are always lighter, and yield a less abundant return, than the autumn wheats. Unhappily, too, the rains have prevailed over the whole of the Continent, so that the usual resort of importation cannot be counted upon in the event of a deficit to anything like the extent formerly found safe.

Our engraving represents the condition of the Trent Valley a few days back. Later accounts from that district are more encouraging, and describe the waters as subsiding. The fine weather has also caused a sensible decrease of the flood in the Thames Valley. At Windsor and Eton the level of the river has fallen nearly three feet since the extreme height of the inundation. There is a great deal of water still upon the land where it is lower than the stream in the Windsor and Datchet districts, but the severity of the flood may now be said to be over.

Sunday was the 702nd anniversary of the death of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. The Rev. Dr. Lee, at All Saints, Lambeth, took the event—the martyrdom, he called it—as the subject of his sermon, and urged his hearers to do battle for the Church as Thomas à Becket did. One practical way in which they were to do so was to contend earnestly against any tampering with the Athanasian Creed.



THE PREVAILING FLOODS.—Extraordinary Aspect of the Trent Valley during the Christmas Season.


DAUDENARDE
F. Lix

THE FIRST JAPANESE RAILWAY.—ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT CHINAGAWA STATION. (*From a Sketch by Dr. Majet.*)

ABROAD.

CALAIS is being besieged by visitors—principally English—who are attracted to the town by the projected excursion of M. Thiers. The President's object in going thither is to witness certain artillery experiments.

A FEW evenings ago, the Belgian Abbé Opsomer, who has joined the Old Catholics, was attacked near the new boulevard at Brussels, by an individual who endeavoured to stab him with a poignard. The would-be murderer took immediately to flight, and has not yet been arrested.

ADVICES from the newly-constituted Arabvilaët of Yemen, on the Red Sea, report a further success of the Turkish troops there over the last remnant of the rebel Arabs still holding out, and who have been dislodged from a fort they had occupied. The military and civil centre of the vilaët is now established at the ancient town of Saanah. Garrisons, however, are left at Hodeida and other parts of the coast.

THE citizens of Yeddo (the Japanese capital) have had a surprise this year in the fact that the rivers about and in the neighbourhood of the city have had large quantities of salmon in them. They have never been known in them before, and how they came there now appears to them a great mystery. They are common daily in the fish markets, and very cheap—the price mentioned to us was three-quarters of a dollar for a moderate-sized fish.

THE estates devoted to the Holy Grove at Jerusalem by Russia have been sequestered, in consequence of the Græco-Bulgarian disagreement and the schism between the Patriarch at Constantinople and the Synod at Jerusalem. The income is about 200,000 roubles, which used to be spent,—a very little for the maintenance and repairs of the Holy places, a trifle more for the Patriarch, a good deal more for the Synod, and perhaps the largest part for those who had to carry and dispense the money.

THE Brussels papers begin to show alarm regarding the control over the Luxembourg lines being obtained by Prussia. These, it is alleged, are strategic lines, which would be of great importance in time of war. Belgium, it is therefore urged, cannot permit Prussia to establish its power of control over them without thereby failing in the duty of neutrality it owes to France. That is very true. But, as has been pertinently asked, how is Belgium to make its neutrality respected? A mere protest will not do much good, and France is hardly in a position to insist on the protest being respected.

THE *Epoca* says that the new Bill for the reorganisation of the Spanish army includes the abolition of conscription or forcible recruiting. The whole military power of Spain is to consist of the regular army and the reserve. The former is to be formed merely by voluntary enlistment. The latter is composed of three classes—first, the instruction army; secondly, the provincial militia; and thirdly, the national militia. All the able young men of 20 form the first class of the reserve, with the exception of the volunteers in the active army. The term of service in the instruction army is three years, reducible under stated circumstances to 18 and 12 months. From the first reserve, the soldiers pass to the second, in which they have to serve up to seven years in the aggregate. After that period they are transferred to the third section, viz., the national militia, to which they belong for nine years. Anyone is free to re-engage after the 35th year of age.

ON the 31st of December, 335—that is to say, 1,537 years ago—a Pope died called Sylvester I., who was held in great reverence for his mild apostolic manners, and the gentle zeal he displayed in propagating Christ's doctrines. The anniversary of the builder of so many churches at Rome is a high feast in the Roman Church; but nevertheless the Lutheran Protestants of Germany seem to have snatched the day as a substitute for the midnight mass of the primary persuasion. Sylvester Abend now throughout Protestant Germany means a night service, from eight to eleven or so, without communion, only a sermon, and the Gesangbuch, occasionally improved upon by an amateur choir. Next follows a *reveillon*, which is the exact *quid pro quo* of the Christmas morning festivity as celebrated in the Catholic community. No police dare to interfere with public amusement that shutterless night, and a universal and welcome *Prosit Neujahr* meets the late traveller home.

THERE are to be great rejoicings throughout Egypt very shortly, writes a correspondent. The Khédive, in his paternal solicitude, has decided that the bachelorhood of his sons shall cease, and, accordingly, the three Princes, Taufîk, Husein, and Hasan, are to be married by order next month, amid the rejoicings of the people, which are to be protracted for thirty-six days. I presume that the marble equestrian statue of the late Muhammad 'Aly and a marble bust of his son Ibrahîm at Cairo will be uncovered during the festivities. How far true Muslims will sympathize in this incense to graven images I cannot say; it is stated that some of the Ulema have protested against the implied idolatry. Whether the two elder princes were apprized of their fate any earlier I do not know, but I can vouch for the truth of the statement that the Prince Hasan never heard a word of the conjugal happiness cut out for him until he reached Cairo on Sunday last. The wedding will postpone Prince Hasan's voyage to India, whither he has been invited by Lord Northbrook.

THE afternoon reception which the Princess Nazlié Khalil held at the mansion of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Constantinople, where she has now, on the final conclusion of all the formalities of her marriage with H.E. Khalil Pasha, definitely taken up her abode, was exciting much interest when the last mail left. It was brilliantly attended by the *élite* both of Stamboul and Pera society. In a superb toilette of pink velvet, heavily embroidered with gold, a magnificent coronet of brilliants surmounting a wreath of orange blossoms placed low upon her brow, the Princess received her guests in a small apartment hung with green satin, overlooking the Bosphorus, and adjoining her principal saloon. Her Highness appeared slightly paler than usual, but bore up against the fatigue and agitation of the day with wonderful self-possession, receiving her guests with that queen-like dignity and easy grace which excited general admiration on the occasion of Her Highness's betrothal. So great was the interest felt in the ceremony, and so keen the interest to see in her bridal attire a lady whose birth, beauty, education, and position, place her at the head of Turkish female society, that it was difficult to keep back the crowds of Turkish women who thronged the entrance, and occasionally succeeded in penetrating into the Princess's apartment. Never previously has any Turkish marriage awakened a tithe of the interest which has been felt in that of the Khalil Pasha with the Egyptian Princess.

IN ROME the ceremony of Christmas morning is hardly to be distinguished from that at Easter; there is the same display of magnificent costumes, the same array of ambassadors, naval and military officers in uniform, ladies in black dresses and veils, and peasants from all parts in holiday dress, forming a strangely beautiful and gorgeously variegated picture. Then comes the same long procession of all the religious orders, in their rich robes of black, white, grey, brown, violet, and scarlet, and the Pope, in his comparatively plain dress of simple white, on his chair, borne by tall footmen, with the glittering canopy carried over his head, and the great fans of white peacock's feathers by his side, like some Eastern monarch of old, heralded by silver trumpets, and surrounded by his guard of nobles, and the stalwart Swiss, with halbert in hand, and helmet on head, and striped coats of black and yellow and red, quaint but picturesque. Then follows the same tedious ceremony of homage, and then the grand mass, at which the Pope himself officiates, the whole ceremony lasting till nearly noon, after which you may be sure the greater part of those present retire thoroughly wearied to their homes,—for fatigue will dare to intrude, in spite of the presence of Pope and cardinals and all the priests of Christendom; and not even Pius IX. can abolish the necessity of sleep.

THE well-known German war correspondent, Herr Lindau, who accompanied the Prussian Guard through the campaign of 1870, has published his account of its achievements, re-written from his letters in a more complete and historical form. The work is a useful contribution to the history of the war, though it avoids entering on criticism with rather too much care. Thus, for instance, it throws no light on the individual responsibilities of the staff of the Guard for the severe repulse of the first attack on St. Privat, although the assertion that the French artillery had been at this time all but silenced, confirms a former opinion that it was the sweeping effect of the Chassepôt behind cover which inflicted the terrible loss before which the choicest soldiers of Prussia recoiled. Their employment in the first line, again at Sedan, shows that modern German generalship forbids the old practice, which Napoleon borrowed from Frederick the Great, of keeping the Guard in hand as a final reserve for the finishing stroke of the battle. Perhaps the most interesting point in the book is the absolute contradiction Herr Lindau gives to the story of Count Waldersee having been treacherously shot at Le Bourget, by the aid of a white flag or handkerchief used to allure him. He fell, it seems, as a good soldier should—at the head of his column in the attack; and the tale which fired his comrades with such apparently just indignation, and provoked so much sympathy in England, is shown to be among the many myths created by hostile feeling during the war.

THE Court of Assizes at Lyons has recently condemned two men to death and another to hard labour for life for a murder committed under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. It appears that one of the prisoners (Vieillard) was to have been tried on the 29th of May last, on a charge of abstracting 7,000 francs' worth of gas from the mains belonging to the Lyons Gas Company, and that the murdered man, Patricot, was to have been the principal witness against him. Upon the morning of the previous day, the 28th, Patricot's body was discovered in a by-road of one of the Lyons suburbs terribly mutilated, and sewn up in a large sack. The evidence produced at the trial proved very conclusively that the murdered man, who was seventy eight years of age and very poor, was lured from his house into some lonely place by the promise of obtaining work, and that Vieillard had induced two men, named Perret and Nucé, to assist him in committing the crime, upon condition that they should be paid 500 francs for their help. The deceased, in company with the prisoners, was seen close to the place where his corpse was afterwards dicovered by several witnesses upon the night in question; and there was other evidence, such as the finding of blood-stained clothes in their possession, to insure the conviction of the three accused. As Nucé lent the use of his house to commit the murder, in which he was proved to have taken an active part, it is hard to see what were the extenuating circumstances which have procured him exemption from the sentence pronounced upon his two accomplices, unless, indeed, the jury considered that certain previous bankruptcies which were proved against the two latter were to be taken into account against them.

FRANCE has committed the egregious blunder of keeping two Ambassadors at Rome, one accredited to the Pope, the other to the King of Italy. These two Kings of Brentford smelling at the same nosegay have naturally fallen into ceaseless squabbles. The pretensions of Comte de Bourgoing assumed the most absurd proportions; he disputed his colleague's authority at every second; he induced certain foolish Deputies to take M. Fournier to task in the Assembly, because he had asked M. Renan to dine at the French Embassy at Rome. His previous quarrel had lain dormant. The French Government had long tolerated the anomaly of a French Consul at Civita Vecchia, in the dominions of the King of Italy, receiving his exequatur from the Pope; but when this person chose to abuse his authority by throwing his ægis over a French priest, who was charged with abominable immorality with his pupils in a French establishment, his Government found it necessary to dismiss him from his functions, and has since sent a M. Blanchard to replace him. The other cause of quarrel was this: The French Government had long retained a French frigate, the *Orenoque*, at Civita Vecchia, at the Pope's disposal. M. Fournier desired the recall of the frigate, or that he should be authorized to present the captain and officers to pay their respects to the King of Italy, according to Continental custom, on New Year's Day. The French Government compromised the matter by authorizing M. de Bourgoing to present the officers to the Pope on Christmas-day, and M. Fournier to present them to the King of Italy on New Year's-day; but this compromise failed to satisfy the punctilious Papal Ambassador, who has tendered his resignation; and the Pope has declared by telegraph his intention to break off all diplomatic intercourse with France, should it be accepted by the Government. It has been accepted, so France stands in danger of the dire disgrace of being deprived of all diplomatic intercourse with the Holy See; and the *Univers* rails at the Italian Government as persisting in its course of crime and robbery, calls the King by the hardest names in its vocabulary, and pelts him with epithets too gross for translation: and all this about a difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. It is in truth a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

A PARIS journal announces that Don Alphonse has assumed the command of the Carlist forces in Catalonia.

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE special correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Pekin, says:—"When the bride had reached her destination in the recesses of the palace the Empresses of East and West came to receive her at the door of the yellow chair, in which she had been carried. They placed Sycee gold and silver—that is, uncoined pieces of these metals—in each hand, and crossing her arms on her breast she thus supported a vase containing wheat, maize, rice, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and other articles to symbolise all that the earth produces. She then stepped from the chair upon a small golden saddle, and thus entered the dwelling of her future husband. It was talked over the other evening as to whether this ceremony with the saddle was a Mongolian or Manchu custom; but the conclusion seemed to be that it was neither, and that it has most probably come down from the time when the horse was the greatest of all sacrifices, and when everything connected with that animal had a signification. There is an old custom, still practised by some of the Circassian tribes, in which the bridegroom goes through a performance of stealing his bride out of her father's house, or fighting for her with her relatives or clan; but the end is that he carries her off, and takes her home sitting on the saddle before him. This suggests that as the Emperor of China could not, in keeping with his dignity, come out and have a row in the streets of Pekin for his wife, the saddle at the door is to indicate this old ceremony—a ceremony which has a suspicious flavour in it of Sabian rapes and the general freebooting tendencies of the old Scythian races.

"It is reported that the Emperor was asleep when the bride arrived, and that he had to be wakened, and said some necessary prayers in rather a hurried way. The Emperor of China gets up very early in the morning, for he has an audience at five a.m. Under such circumstances, an hour after midnight is rather late to have to sit up, and he may be excused if found napping. The ceremony of arranging the bride's hair in the manner it is worn by married women would take place the next day. This consists in removing the hair on the temples so as to make the brow have very sharp corners on the top. The hair is also plaited in a particular manner, and made to project out in a peculiar way by means of silver, or, in the case of an Empress, it would be golden, skewers. On the third day after the marriage they would both appear in very gorgeous costume. The dresses worn on this occasion were made in Pekin, and are covered with pearls and all kinds of precious stones, and cost, I am told, £180,000 each.

"There are some stories current, which, if true, would indicate that the young Empress must be a person of some decision of character. She is said to be able to read and write her own language, accomplishments which are not uncommon among Chinese women; but the Empress is said to be well read and a high proficient in Chinese literature, and it was this merit which won her the Imperial prize in the competitive contest which was described in a former letter. One morning, shortly after the marriage, she was exhibiting her capability of writing to the Emperor, and he was astonshed at the beauty of the characters she formed. They were thus engaged; she was making quotations from books, when an official announced that breakfast was ready. The Empress turned round on the attendant, and, with indignation, asked if she was to be interrupted in the high delights of literature by such a commonplace affair as eating and drinking. This sort of thing would seem rather melodramatic if it came from a young lady in England, but to the Chinese mind it has not this look about it. They have had literary Emperors, of whom they are proud, and a literary Empress will be quite to their taste.

"There is another story told of the Empress which is quite in keeping with the character indicated above. When her credentials (that is, the golden tablet and seal) arrived, declaring her to be Empress, it became the duty of all her relatives to ko-tow to her in that rank. When her father performs this ceremony it would be in keeping with the customs of the country for her to let him off easily; that is, she should affect not to wish such a manifestation from her father, and ought to have attempted to lift him up while prostrate on the ground before her. She showed no tendencies of this kind; but, on the contrary, she was every inch an Empress, rather by her manner and action demanding, instead of prohibiting, the obeisance of all her relatives. I do not know what kind of garments an Emperor of China wears, but if he has articles for the inferior extremities like those worn in Europe, it is more than probable that this lady will very soon attempt a trial at wearing them. She is two years the senior of her husband—an advantage in one way, but placing her at a great disadvantage a few years hence with younger rivals; but any rival had better have a care of such a Sovereign. I think I forgot to state that an aunt of the Empress was selected as one of the second-class wives when the great competition took place. The whole story of this marriage will no doubt appear very strange to European ideas; and marrying an aunt and her niece at the same time will not help to improve one's impression of the affair.

"The Emperor will officiate in the Temple of Heaven on the 21st December, which is the winter solstice according to the Chinese almanacs, and in February the two Empresses retire from the Regency. At present, when there is business to be done, these two ladies sit behind the Emperor concealed by a curtain, but so placed as to hear whatever is said, and when a decision has been come to they direct what is to be done, and the Emperor signs with the 'vermilion pencil' accordingly. General report gives them credit for having governed well while in power. The Empress of the East is reputed to have a very good character. She is said to be quiet and amiable, and leads a retired life. On the contrary, the Empress of the West, that is the mother of the young Emperor, is said to be what we call 'rather fast.' She is very fond of company, and extravagant in her habits. When the marriage ceremonies were going on she is said to have lost her temper at something, and took to smashing China vases. I only repeat what rumour passes from mouth to mouth; if it should be unfounded scandal, it will only show that there is more than one point of likeness between Courts in Europe and Courts in Asia."

EPILEPSY OR FITS.—A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any chemist. Sent free to any address on application to PROF. O. PHELPS BROWN, 2, King-street, Covent-Garden, London.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN JAPAN.

In complete contrast to the apathetic indolence of their self-satisfied and tradition-venerating neighbour—the Chinese—the inhabitants of Japan are marching with gigantic steps in the way of civilization. They have even got as far as Exhibitions of Arts and Manufactures, one of which was opened some time back at Kiyoto, and largely visited by the nations of the surrounding district. Steam power too is a fact that has received their earliest attention, several ships propelled by its influence now figuring amongst the Japanese navy.

Concerning one of these a very amusing anecdote is related. The steamer was delivered over to the Japanese authorities in full working order; and the first step of these was to dismiss all the European engineers and stokers, and to set about starting the vessel themselves. This they accomplished all right; but when they came to stopping her, it was quite another matter, and one that not a soul on board could accomplish. They were all in eminent peril of being carried straight out to sea, when someone on board had the presence of mind to put the helm hard to port, and thus she continued going round in a circle, till a European man-of-war, seeing their plight and guessing its cause, sent a boat's crew to their assistance and put matters straight.

The latest triumph of civilization in Japan has been the opening of a railway between Yokohama and Yeddo. A year ago the foreigner visiting the capital of Japan was escorted by a body of swordsmen, entrusted with his safety and responsible for all accidents. There may have been a certain amount of danger, but this the Japanese government certainly exaggerated, thereby finding an excellent pretence for establishing a close watch over the movements of all intruders. Now the gates of the "capital of the rising sun" are reached by railway, and the European goes everywhere without the slightest grounds for apprehension. The swordsmen, who mostly belonged to the class of State retainers or yaconins, have been deprived of their arms by a recent Imperial decree, and the sword-bayonet worn by soldiers equipped in the European style has replaced the native katana. Indeed, if we are to judge by the number of Japanese who have adopted the costume in vogue in London and Paris, there prevails amongst the nation the strongest desire of assimilization with us Europeans. The streets of Yeddo are filled with Uipons clothed after our fashions, and in some instances in a mingled style partaking both of the home and the foreign, which is almost as disagreeable as striking. Boots and hats, the two extremities of our attire, seem to have had the principal attraction for the Japanese, and are usually the first innovations they make use of to destroy the harmony of their national costume.

The station of Chinagawa, a suburb of Yeddo, of which we present an engraving, presents a remarkable diversity of race and costume. The past and the present are strangely mingled. Here is an English marine whispering soft nothings to a fair mousme; a yaconin, proud of his new uniform, is standing close to a group of wandering musicians; a bouze, with shaven head hidden beneath his broad-brimmed hat, is murmuring his prayers amidst a group of pilgrims from Fusyama; whilst the owners of the innumerable hand-carts are on the look-out for the job of transporting either luggage or passengers.

THE LAST COLLISIONS IN ENGLAND.

At midnight on Saturday the express which meets the Irish packets at Milford ran off the Great Western line near Ferryside, Carmarthenshire. The accident was caused by water pouring down from the rocks above, washing away ballast and undermining the sea wall. The weight of the train caused the wall to give way, and the earthworks followed.

An accident occurred on the Glasgow and Milngavie Junction Railway on Saturday evening, by which nearly 40 persons were more or less severely injured. Near Milngavie Station the driver tried to shut off the steam, but something being wrong with the valve he was unable to do so, the result being that the engine dashed at full speed into an embankment at the end of the line. The concussion was so great that a large number of the passengers were very severely injured. The driver of the train is in custody pending investigation into the circumstances of the accident.

There was a collision on Monday, at the Silkstone Station of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. A passenger train had arrived close to the junction, when the driver found that a train of empty mineral waggons was crossing the main line to get on to the coal branch. He at once jumped off and escaped without injury, and the moment he reached the ground the engine cut the coal waggons in two, scattering them about in all directions, completely destroying several of them. It was found that a number of the passengers were injured, some very severely. The line was completely blocked on both sides, and the traffic had to be worked by trains on either side of the scene of the accident, passengers walking from one to the other.

* * *

The next idea on the *tapis* is international postal cards.

A novel delicacy is likely to grace the tables of the epicures of Rome. The other day a porcupine was for sale in the market of the Eternal City, and the price put upon him was 1 fr. the kilogramme. The man who had him for sale explained that he should be cooked like a hare, with wine sauce, or like wild boar. "It makes," he said, "an exceedingly savoury and very delicious dish."

The barber of Temple Bar has departed! The genial, garrulous, and original denizen of the little pigeon-hole on the north of the famous gate has disappeared, and his doors are covered with posters. Famous men have submitted to the hands of this relic of the bygone time—Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, and a host of others who have passed away. Of late years it was quite the usual thing for customers to greet him with, "What, still here?" "Still here, sir," he would reply, and then proceed to tell with infinite relish how, ten or twelve years ago, he received official notice that his shop would be wanted for the new Law Courts, and he had better look out for a new place; how he was a little perturbed at first, but, as year after year rolled on, began to regard it first as an idle menace, and then as a huge joke. At last the inevitable hour has come, and the shop is closed! Does this portend that the Law Courts are really going to be begun? Or shall we go on paying interest on the outlay for another ten years, and the structure still be like Antonio's means, "in supposition?"

THE RETURN OF THE TRICOLOUR.

Fair flag of France,
That o'er the world hast swept unfurled!
Once more thou meet'st our longing glance,
We greet thee now with sobs and cheers,
With rapture mellowed by our tears!

Storm-beaten bird,
That erst was driven with plumage riven
Far from thy nest,
Thy welcome bursts from every throbbing breast
The vet'ran scarred, the blue-eyed laughing boy
Man, maid, and matron hail thee in their joy!

Ah! Tricolour,
The welcome here expressed,
Shall find an echo in each Frenchman's breast.
Red was the blood for thee we shed,
White were the faces of our dead,
Blue Heaven await them overhead!

* * *

It is well known, among speculators in mysticism, that everybody has his double, somewhere about the world, whom he exactly resembles in the minutest details of form and feature. On this theory, of course, all difficulty with regard to cases of mistaken identity falls to the ground, and the adventures of Dromio and Amphitryon become the most natural of accidents. Martin Guerre, of whom we have lately heard more than enough, happened to be interfered with by his double—that is all. But when a man has three or four, or an unlimited number of doubles, or when each of them is afflicted with a morbid tendency to petty larceny, the matter becomes serious. According to the latest police intelligence from Southampton, there is in that town and in that predicament a certain unfortunate young man. He complained to the magistrates that on three different occasions he had been locked up for offences committed by persons whose features resembled his own. On the last, he had been taken into custody by a police-officer, who was now fined 20s. and costs for assaulting him not in the execution of his duty. Has it ever been remarked that such cases have been lately increasing? If so, it is to be feared that policemen may possibly devote too much attention to the photographic albums kept at police-stations for their amusement and instruction. There is a certain family likeness in all photographs, more particularly in those of commonplace features, and an "eye for pictures" is required to discriminate characteristics and bear them in mind. There is no evidence to show that any of the thieves for whom this young man had been taken had ever been photographed as criminals, so that the police of Southampton had their features by heart more or less imperfectly. If this was the case, the mystery is perhaps solved; if not, it is certainly a terrible thought that any one of us may have several doubles, that all may be in the same town, and that all may be thieves. As a precaution, some use may be discovered for that hitherto inexplicable fancy—the tattoo.

The Elixir of Life.—At the Hull Police-court on Friday Henry Jackson, a quack doctor, carrying on business at Hull, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences from John Richardson, a farmer, residing at Easington. Mr. Pettingell, solicitor, who prosecuted, stated that prosecutor first saw Jackson between February and June, 1872. He asked prisoner for a bottle of Indian elixir. Jackson told him he thought it would not suit his complaint, but he should have to see. He then produced a glass containing some liquid like water. By Jackson's direction the prosecutor blew through a tube into the liquid, and it turned the colour of milk. The prisoner then told Richardson that his lungs were in an exceedingly bad state, and next used what he termed a pulse glass, the spirit in which would vibrate on being placed near a fire. These glasses were evidently shown to prosecutor to confuse him, and give him an idea that Jackson was very scientific. He also informed Richardson that his blood was in a bad state, that his heart and kidneys were diseased, and that he would be dead before the end of three months. The prosecutor then contracted with the prisoner to pay him two guineas per month for advice, and he was to have medicine at cost price. The prosecutor subsequently received from Jackson a box containing what was said to be medicines, for which he paid £3 10s. and 5s. carriage from India. In July the prosecutor paid another visit to prisoner, who produced a box which he said had come from India. For this box and its contents he paid £25 and £2 carriage, prisoner telling him that the box contained medicines for every pain he could have in his life. The prisoner also told Richardson that the chief balsam merchant had just died at the age of 170, and that he had got the manna which that merchant sold. The prosecutor, believing this statement, took a box of the "manna," for which he paid £3 10s. The contents of his box had been analyzed, and it was found to be granulated citrate of magnesia. On the lid of the box was inscribed, "Two dozen holy trees" and "Bread of Life." Jackson also sold the prosecutor a box which, he said, contained the same kind of ointment as that with which Mary anointed the feet of Christ. A box containing this (which on analysis was found to be very common butter) and several other articles, altogether not worth 10d., were sold to the prosecutor for £20 16s. 6d., or with carriage £22. About six weeks ago the prosecutor paid Jackson another visit. This time the prisoner sold him for eight guineas a bottle of stuff which he called the "Elixir of Life," and which was not worth twopence. On the cork were the words "Warranted to be genuine" and "For ever." The things which he represented as having come from India had been bought of tradesmen in Hull. Mr. Pettingell's statement was fully borne out by prosecutor, and several medical men who had analyzed the articles supplied by the prisoner stated that they were all very cheap articles and as medicines would do neither good nor harm. The prisoner was committed for trial at the ensuing Quarter Sessions. He has been in the army, and was for some time drum-major of the Hull Rifle Volunteer Corps.

The Royal Humane Society is about to establish a receiving-house near Waterloo-bridge, with similar appliances to those in use in Hyde Park for the resuscitation of the apparently drowned, together with a staff of attendants, with a view to the prevention of suicides.

MR. STANLEY'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who has achieved a universal reputation for his successful wanderings in quest of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, reached New York on Wednesday, November 20th, in the *Cuba*. The steamer *Fletcher* was chartered by a reception committee, and met the *Cuba* at the Narrows. Mr. Stanley was cordially welcomed by his friends, and brought immediately to the city.

On reaching the *Herald* building, he was the recipient of hearty congratulations from the *Herald* Club, and spent the afternoon in answering the thousand and one questions of his professional *confrères*. The prince of interviewers was himself forced to the stocks, and faced more interrogatories than a man on trial for his life. He is described by an American contemporary as a short, thick-set man, who, though quiet and dignified in his manner, was without a particle of the vanity which many of the English journals have so loudly decried. His complexion has been thoroughly bronzed by the tropical sun, and the sprinkling of gray in his hair attests the severity of the African fevers. A very black moustache and imperial add rather than detract from the robust outlines of his face. Eyes of unusual penetration evince, by their steadiness, the determination of his mind and the strength of will which carried him safely through his perilous undertaking.

As he has received the formal attentions of the learned societies of England, it is not strange that all manner of American clubs and associations should strive to do him honour. It is to be hoped that he has not escaped the dangers of an African clime and people, to be compelled to eat himself to death for the pleasure of his old friends in his adopted country across the Atlantic.

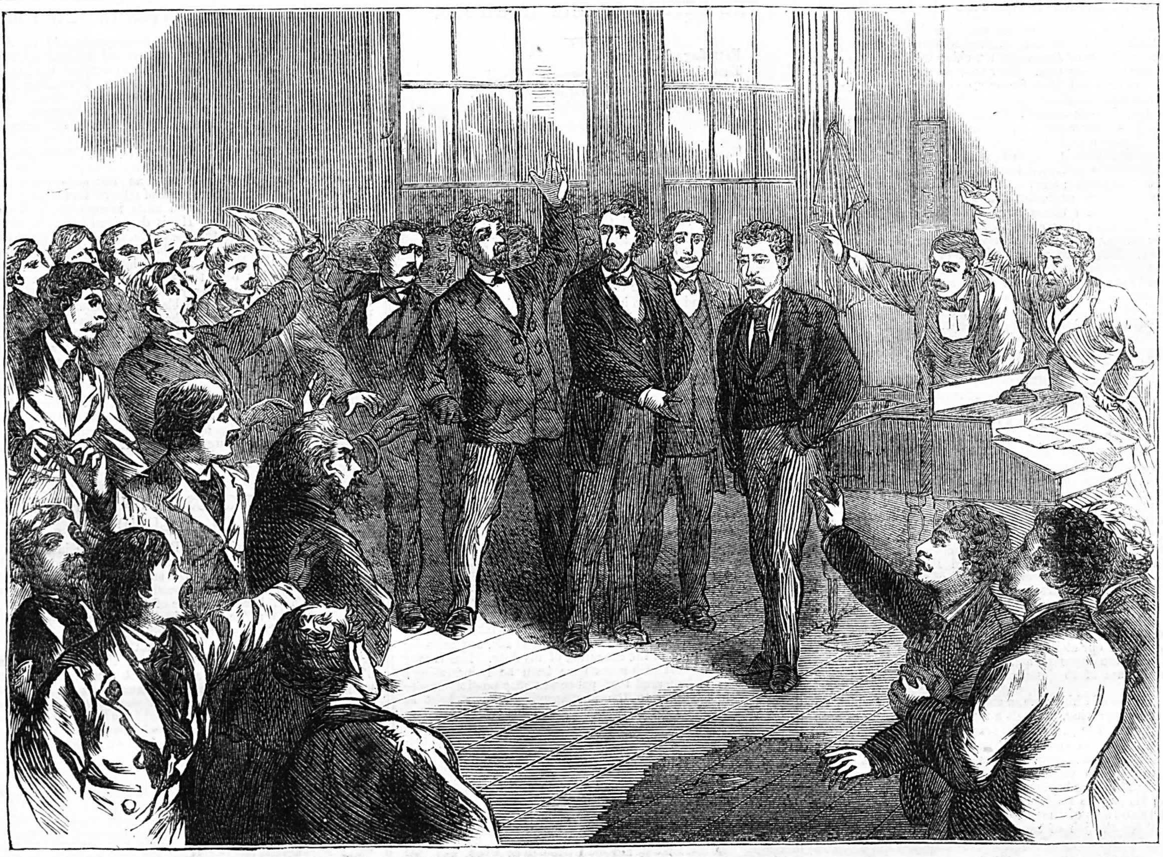
THE FATAL EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE "ROYAL ADELAIDE."

In honour of the arrival of a Russian corvette in Plymouth Sound, a salute of seventeen guns was being fired from the *Royal Adelaide* guardship, at Devonport, on Friday afternoon, when a serious accident occurred. Two 24-pounder Armstrong guns had been fired, one of them was being reloaded, when, owing to a fire remaining in the breech-piece, the charge exploded with fearful effect. Five men, who were standing round the breech, were all severely injured, and three of them lie in a serious state at the Naval Hospital. The captain of the gun was the most dangerously injured, one of his arms being blown entirely away, and the stump has since been amputated. The others were dreadfully burned. It is stated that the accident resulted from a culpable omission to sponge out the gun. The accident caused deep concern on board, and the remainder of the salute was fired from Her Majesty's ship *Cambridge*.

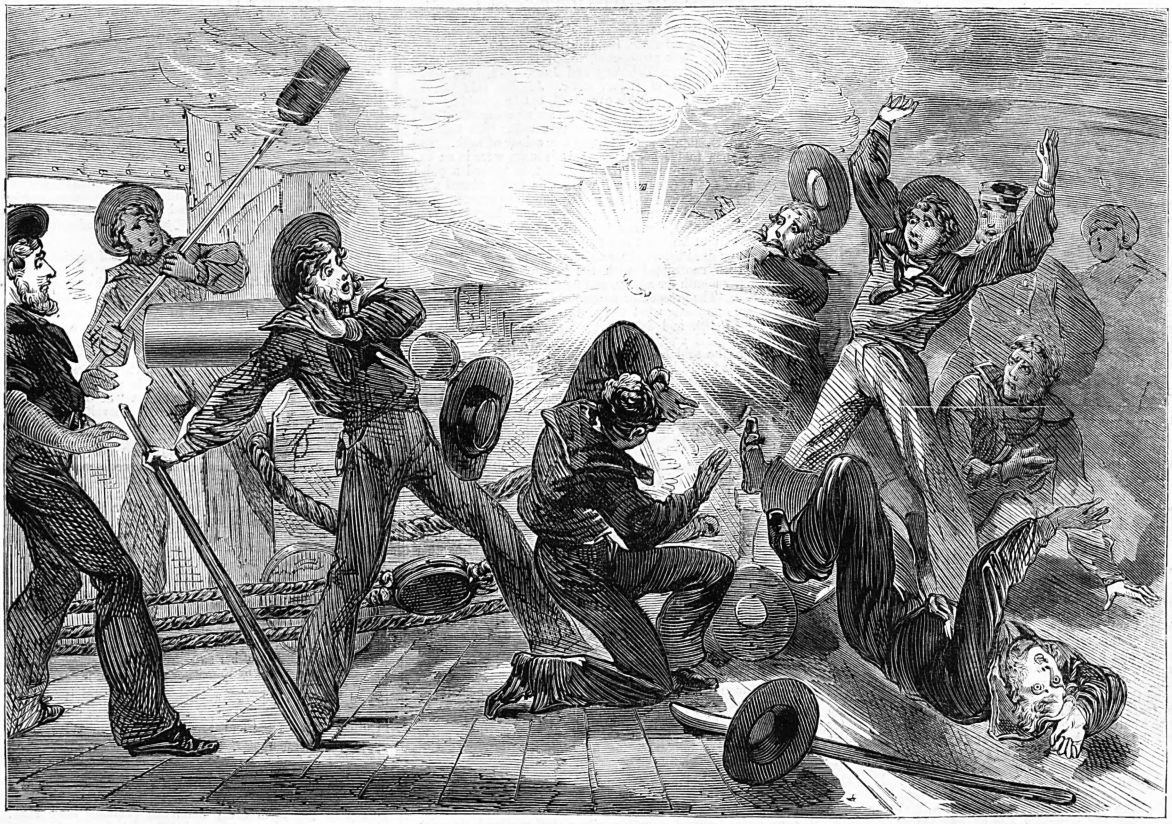
* * *

An Indian's Revenge.—The following incident is related to have recently occurred, by the Richland county (Wisconsin) *Independent*:—"An Indian trapper and hunter has been operating in one of the northern towns of that county, and near his camp lived a farmer. The Indian had a box filled with rattlesnakes, covered over with glass. Last August the Indian came to the farmer's house one day intoxicated, and asked the farmer to give him a certain sheep that he was preparing for exhibition at the county fair, saying that he was hungry. This the farmer refused, but offered him a hen if he would shoot it. The Indian declared he would have the sheep, and fired at it, but missed it. The farmer then set his dog on the Indian and drove him away. A few nights since the farmer was awakened from his sleep by something col crawling over him, and, seizing the object, he hurled it across the room. He was horrified to hear the noise of rattles in every direction. Telling his wife to lie quiet for her life, he raised himself up and turned on the light, when he saw a hug rattlesnake coiled up at the foot of the bed, ready for a sprin Seizing his revolver, he fired and shot off its head. The noi of the pistol aroused the hired man, who hastened to th room, and before reaching it (the door was open) killed tw rattlesnakes. Two more were killed in the bedroom, makin five in all. At the foot of the bed was the Indian's box. It is supposed that he entered the open window and emptied the snakes out on the bed."

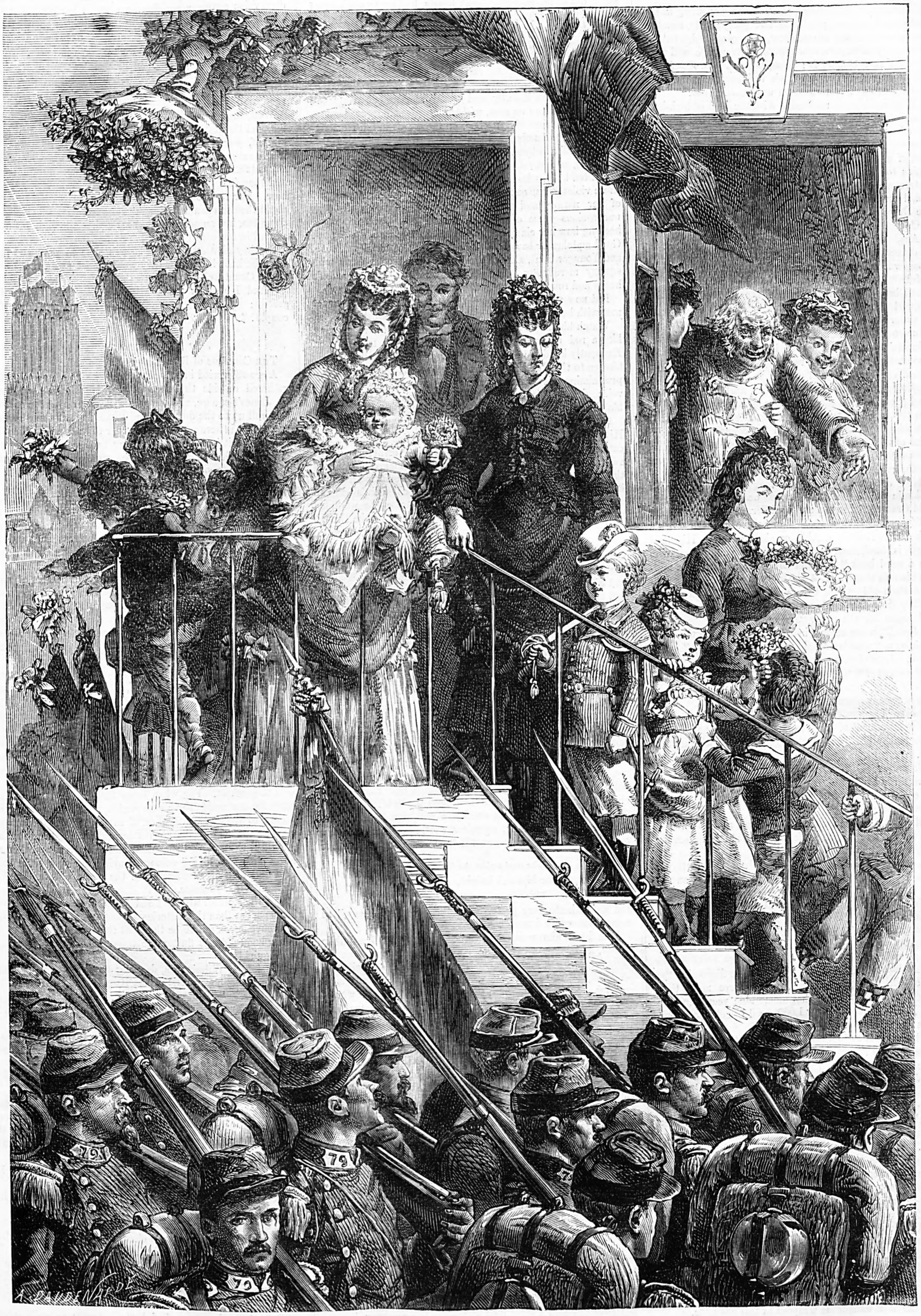
Gipsy Ball at Tranmere.—A number of gipsies belonging to the "Royal Tribe," from Epping Forest, have recently taken up their quarters in a field off Old Chester-road, and other places in the neighbourhood of Tranmere and Bebington, where their tents are much frequented by those who ar curious on the subject of their fortune, felicity, or who tak an interest in observing the manners and customs of thes Eastern wanderers. The "Royal Tribe" have apparently made good friends of the people of the locality, and there have, so far at least, been no complaints made against them. Last evening the tribe gave their first "Select, plain, and fancy," in the Drill-hall, Holt-road. The novelty of the affair proved most attractive, and the doors of the drill-hall were crowded with some hundreds of spectators, to whom the charges for admission (5s. and 2s. 6d. each) proved an effectual barrier to a further enjoyment of the proceedings. The number of those who paid for admission and took part in the dancing was about 300, to whom must be added 50 of the male and female members of the tribe. The King and Queen—their names are prosaic enough as Thomas and Sarah Lee—presided over the revels, if we may so term as orderly an assembly as ball-room ever witnessed. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags of all nations, and, with its smartly-dressed company, presented quite a picturesque appearance. The gipsies, for the most part, danced by themselves at the top of the drill-hall, near the platform. The King, in a plain black dress suit, and the Queen, in a more showy but equally tasteful attire, opened the ball in first-rate style, to the strains of a string band of their own. Her Majesty was distinguished from the other ladies of her suite by wearing a coronet of gold in her head-dress and by the richer profusion of jewellery wit which she was adorned. She had a ladylike appearance, and indeed, we may safely say that there was nothing vulgar abou any of the tribe present. Several parties of visitors dance in other parts of the hall, but we need hardly say that th dusky sons and daughters of the East were the cynosure of a eyes, the observed of all observers. The King appears to b about twenty-seven years of age, and is of gentlemanly deportment; the Queen is probably about the same age, and is a most ladylike person. The other members of the tribe appeared to pay them every deference befitting their rank. Dancing was kept up with spirit till a late hour.—*Liverpool Mercury.*



DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERER.—Reception of Mr. Stanley by his Colleagues of the "New York Herald."



THE ROYAL ADELAIDE.—Explosion of an Armstrong Gun while Firing a Naval Salute.



THE TRICOLOURED FLAG OF FRANCE.

Welcoming the Return of the National Flag in the Districts Relieved from German Occupation.

THE WHITE BOUQUET.

CHAP. I.

THE Season had commenced, and London was filling fast.

Beauties and beggars, patricians and pickpockets, senators and swells, *artistes* and adventurers, wise men and wantons, chaperones, opera-singers, new potatoes, green peas, and early strawberries were coming in; trees, flowers, flies, *debutantes*, plays, new novels, invitations, Paris fashions, "limited liability" swindles, and advertisements were coming out.

The West-end streets resounded with the beat of high-bred hoofs and the whirr of delicate wheels—for the especial benefit of which the West-end vestries were assidously strewing the thoroughfares in question with the hardest and sharpest of granite, and profiting by the increased traffic to economize to their ratepayers the cost of a steam-roller. Bond-street was blocked, Piccadilly pullulated, Regent-street resembled an animated tulip-bed, the Ride was re-peopled, and the Drive resplendent.

The Operas were open, and so were Exeter Hall and the Royal Academy, whilst the usual round of *fêtes* and flower-shows, dinners and dances, concerts, kettledrums, *soirées*, and sympsosia was in full swing; and furthermore the weather was delightful.

It was a bright May morning, and the Row was crowded with equestrians of both sexes taking their ante-prandial canter under the watchful supervision of defunct Sir Richard's blue-coated myrmidons. Captain Cecil Hathersleigh, of the Princess's Own Plungers, in his usual faultless attire, leant meditatively against the railings, watching with dreamy yet critical eye the faces and paces that went to make up the ever-varying panorama of life unfolding itself before him,—faces and paces, for his attention was pretty equally divided between the biped and quadruped elements. To him lazily saunters a brother exquisite, arrayed for conquest in the full war-paint of the period, and wielding an attenuated umbrella, the immaculate fluting of whose symmetrical folds had never been disturbed by such a ridiculous action as opening it.

"D'do?" drawls the new-comer languidly from under his heavy blonde moustache. The languid one is the Honourable Reginald Cracroft. He is a stout soldier, as Russ and Pandy can testify, and as keen a sportsman as ever glanced down a double barrel in Norfolk stubble, or along a rifle on Highland brae, and is furthermore no fool, but a young man who "makes a good book," and can see quite as far into a millstone as his neighbours. But the mysterious and Draconian laws of custom oblige him to wear a habitually inane look, just as they do a fashionably cut coat, and to make use of a mangled jargon for the conveyance of his ideas.

"Bai Jove!" is the answer in a voice pitched to the same key as his own, "what's brought you to town, Regy?"

"Leave. Lots of things to do"

"Feed with me?"

"Awfully sorry, must look in at Eaton-square, you know."

'Case of spoons there?"

Ah! case of spoons *there*, if you like," and an almost im- eptible movement of the slim umbrella indicated a couple rode slowly past, and exchanged salutes with our two gers.

Don't know. He'll never propose unless he is sure of ing accepted; he is too proud."

"And she will never accept such a proposal as that, for she prouder, if possible."

"She'll play the deuce with him, as usual, no doubt. But won't take it like any other fellow, and if she rouses the ger in him, she'll have to look out."

"Yaas. Daresay she thinks he's all the better worth trying , and—a—I should say it's pretty even betting on his ance. Girl must marry some one, you know, and why not e Rajah, though she is enough to puzzle a saint."

"No knowing what she is driving at, but I don't think the ajah is cornered yet."

"Not quite. Shall you be at the Corner this afternoon?"

"Yaas; how's your book?"

"Oh! a fellah told me"—and the two fall to discussing the hances of the impending Derby, which were more than usually perplexing; for it was that memorable year when the despised Recluse, starting at 1,000 to 15, cut down his opponents and ruined the Marquis.

Let us leave them to this congenial occupation and follow the couple who are riding side by side adown the Row.

A noble couple, truly!

The lady first. Sitting well back on a daintily-stepping, thoroughbred chestnut, who, though with mouth of the finest, pulls just enough to steady her in the saddle, and dressed in a habit glove-fitting, and without a shred of braiding or a superfluous button, she is a type of English patrician loveliness. Features clear-cut in their exquisite beauty, and as thoroughbred as the steed she sits so well; with all the pride of power to be read in the haughty curve of the delicate nostril, the firm pout of the rose-red lips, and the sweep of the finely-pencilled brows. Hair gold in the sunlight and bronze in the shade, its sheeny lustre flowing in undulating waves. And then the eyes! Wondrous eyes, now flashing in scorn, now melting in tenderness, now gleaming like stars to lead men from aught else under heaven to follow them above, now totally veiled by their long silken fringes. Luring or mocking, pleading or defying, capable of expressing in a look more than the tongue can in twenty sentences, those violet rbs were the most dangerous weapons of this coquette.

For she was a thorough coquette, was the Honourable iss Wilmington. The orphan daughter of the defunct iscount Fernimede, she had been brought up under the upervision of his elder sister, Lady Vipont, a terrible old lady, who, cruelly jilted by one in her youth, had revenged herself by carrying on war ever since against all and sundry—*feu* Vipont included—and who, when she found that Time had put it out of her power to break hearts, had set to work equal energy to originate scandal and blast reputations. In her niece she had seen herself restored to youth, and had earnestly set to work to inspire the girl with the same sentiments that ruled herself. Herein she but seconded Nature, for Maude Wilmington was a born coquette, the subtlest and most fascinating.

Coquetting so daintily and quietly that no one could call her "flirt," luring on men, without apparent encouragement, to stake the hopes of a lifetime, on the words to fall from her lips, and then dismissing them with a quiet unconsciousness all the harder to bear. And there is no deeper wound in life than this, as many a good man and true, and many a moneyed and tilted idiot, who had gone down hopelessly smitten before those violet eyes, confessed. Coquet she must; it was part of her nature, and she played with hearts with the easy unconscious grace of a kitten with a ball of string, never heeding how her claws might entangle or snap a life-thread. Good matches or bad, Elder Brethren, not of Trinity House, and Younger Sons, akin to the Prodigal, had been dealt with equally mercilessly. And so she went on, turning men's heads and rousing women's wrath.

But now she had such a one to deal with as she had never met with before—a foeman well worthy of her steel.

Watch him as he rides by her, his tall, lithe figure swaying like a rod of steel in the saddle as he bends towards her. Eminently handsome, but with a strange dark beauty, utterly foreign to the English skies under which his lot is cast, and proclaiming his Oriental origin. For in Kenneth Frazer's veins, despite his British name, flows some of the richest blood of the East.

General Sir Hector Frazer, his father, had been a fiery Highland soldier, descended from a long line of indomitable caterans. At the storming of a hill fort in Northern India his sword had stretched the Rajah to whom it belonged bleeding at the doorway of his zenana, when a young girl bursting from out its portals threw herself upon the prostrate chieftain's body, to shelter him from the coming blow. This was the wounded man's favourite daughter, and the stout heart of the British leader melted for the first time before the appealing glances of this vision of Eastern loveliness, as she besought him in pleading tones to spare her father's life. But despite all the care bestowed upon him by the victors, the Rajah shortly expired, and Sir Hector found the duty of consoling the lovely girl he had made an orphan so congenial a one as to wish for its continuance throughout his life. So the beautiful Aïda was shortly afterwards transformed into Lady Frazer, only to die in giving birth to the gentleman now riding by Miss Maude Wilmington's side.

Dark and swarthy as a Spaniard, for Sir Hector himself had been a "black-knee," in him were united the tall, stalwart frame of the grim general, and the dangerous beauty of the lovely Oriental. He had inherited on the father's side a strength of limb and toughness of sinew that enabled him to breast hill and river with e'er a gallant of them all, and the stern, unyielding, iron pride of the Celt; whilst the high, arched forehead, the slightly curved nose, the black, silky moustache, and the rich, liquid, almond eyes, that could flash with fire or melt with tenderness, were gifts from that Eastern clime where his mother had first seen the light. And from thence came too a pitiless enmity, a will that knew neither check nor law, a winning, nameless, subtle fascination, and a certain contempt for women till he had met this one. For though

> Like steel amidst the din of arms,

he was not, as the Moorish knight,

> Like wax amongst the fair,

and had hitherto ever preferred to "love and ride away," as many a mourning damsel could have testified.

Men liked him well, however, for, educated at a public school, he shared, outwardly at least, their opinions as he did their mode of life, dress, and expression; was a proficient in all manly sports, and had a winning, indescribable charm of manner. And yet, whispered tales of savage wrath and worse, of cold-blooded cruelty, muttered amongst his associates, told of the wild mountain blood lurking under that swart skin. For his maternal ancestors had been no "mild Hindoos," but a race of fierce hillmen, ruling by the sword, and accustomed to wreak their will with all a despot's readiness. Still the Rajah, as he was known amongst his intimates, was a general favourite; with none more than match-making matrons with an eye to his old name, title, and ancestral acres, not to mention all the accumulated "loot" of the late Sir Hector who had had some very pretty pickings in his time, and amongst whose wife's dowry figured, according to rumour, strings of rubies as large as pigeon's eggs, caskets of emeralds the size of hazel-nuts, diamonds only surpassed by the Koh-i-noor, and Orient pearls by the bushel.

Kenneth had met Maud for the first time some months previously on his return from a hunting excursion in America, and had found her the reigning belle, and, with his native appreciation of and cultivated taste for the beautiful, had not failed to be struck by her charms as he had been struck by no woman till then. Only being experienced in such things, he had carefully hidden all outward and visible signs of the feelings that stirred within, a feat greatly facilitated by an English social education. The mask fitted closely, and though he managed to spend a great deal of time in her company, it was managed so naturally that no one could say he was trying to accomplish her monopolization.

And Maude? Well, for the first time in her life she had met an antagonist really worthy of her. A counter-fascination all but equal to her own drew her on, perhaps further than she meant. Of all the men whom she had met this was the first who had taught her pulse to quicken at his approach, whose deep voice awoke a slumbering echo in her heart. And she felt a pleasure in this, enhancing as it did the keenness of the struggle. But of course she intended to break off with him like the rest if he came to the point. And yet——

As it was, she had begun to play off against him the Marquis of Hautmere, a tall, stout, ruddy-faced nobleman, with fair hair, blue eyes, a bluff manner, a heavy rent-roll, and a very good opinion of himself and his belongings.

Well, these twain had met as usual in the Row that morning, and the stately roan bestridden by Kenneth had ranged himself, *par habitude*, alongside the dainty chestnut, over whose satin side Miss Wilmington's habit floated, whilst their riders talked the topics of the day, dead and forgotten now, and therefore not worth raking up out of Time's dust-heap here. For it is only declared lovers who talk to each other about themselves and their affairs and feelings. Clumsy flirters do so too, but an adept in that art makes a look, a gesture, or a word in ordinary conversation suffice.

So they chatted gaily till it was time to part, and parted with the knowledge that they would meet again that evening at the Countess of Broadwaters's.

"And I claim a waltz, Miss Wilmington. Indeed I am greedy; surely you will not refuse to put me down for a couple?"

CHAP. II.

THE Countess of Broadwaters gives a ball.

A crowd, varied in the extreme in its component parts, is gathered outside the door of her ladyship's residence in St. James's-square, and watches with eager eyes the carriages that roll up to the doorway and there deposit their burdens; which fact is here set down, in order to lead up to the observation that it is positively puzzling to discover whatever the crowds that habitually congregate on such occasions—consisting, as they do, of people of every stamp—can possibly find in such an exhibition to interest them.

Within there is another crowd, hardly less varied, made up of the burdens aforesaid, and swelling every moment with some fresh arrival. The lights—best wax—shine, according to Byronic tradition, on women more or less fair, and men brave or otherwise,—for courage in these "patent safety" days is somewhat of a superfluity. There are the lions of the season that roar the loudest, there are the bearers of names "famous in story, in arms, in arts, and in song," aye, and in science and literature too; for science and literature kotoo to fashion nowadays, and are patted on the back and patronized accordingly. Blood and wealth, wit and poetry, learning and statecraft, have their representatives here, and the room is full, for everyone worth the asking is present.

Therefore, as a matter of course, we admit the presence of Miss Maude Wilmington, who, dressed in one of Madame Robaqueue's happiest inspirations, is the centre of a group of admirers, clustering round her like bees about their queen, conspicuous amongst them being the fair, full face, and somewhat bulky figure of the Marquis of Hautmere. And like a very queen she receives their proffered homages, whilst afar off the grim array of chaperones frown, inwardly, of course, at her, hating her in their heart of hearts as a terrible foe. As well they might. For when some little craft, launched and fitted for sea under their supervision, was endeavouring and hoping to attract the attention of some stately galleon, down would swoop this dashing privateer, rake the galleon fore and aft, till it sheered off dismantled and shattered, and then sail away with gaily-flying colours, leaving the poor little cock-boat still drifting consortless on the ocean of life. And all without *malice prepense*.

But the spiteful whispers and killing looks of these moved her no more than the flatteries of those around her, and however envenomed might be the shaft that reached her, the fan in her hand did not flutter the thousandth part of a second more quickly.

"Ah! Miss Wilmington, dazzling us all as usual," quoth old Lord Mortiboy, a relic of the Regency, and a friend of her late father. "Shakespeare foresaw your advent when he wrote about murdering with a smile, for hearts are broken by every one of yours."

And his lordship, well pleased at having placed this remark which he had planted with more or less success some hundreds of times before, took a pinch of Prince's mixture, and vowed, "By Gad, you know," that "that girl of poor Fernimede's was divine, positively divine."

"His lordship's quite right, Miss Wilmington," said Dudley Vane; "you have already reduced the Household Brigade to half its effective strength, and the fellows at the Horse Guards are swamped with applications for sick leave from those you put *hors de combat*."

"I thought the Guard died and did not surrender?" answered Maude.

"And the Plungers are decimated. Balaclava was nothing to it. Not one of us is fit to take charge of a troop."

"Except yourself, Captain Hathersleigh, who have been shot-proof ever since you were charmed by a pair of eyes that are watching you from the other side of the room."

"And the Foreign Office is in a state of chaos; everyone is demented; you are the real cause of the Abyssinian imbroglio, Miss Wilmington," observed that rising young diplomatist, Lord Redtape.

"Indeed; perhaps you had better suggest to your chiefs to send me out to King Theodore as a peace-offering."

"Surely his savage crown would not tempt you, reigning as you do Queen of Hearts here," said the Marquis.

"There would be a panic in the financial world if you left these shores, Miss Wilmington," opined that mercantile magnate, Sir Crœsus Crash, M.P., with a pompous attempt at the complimentary that drew every one's fire.

"You have golden opinions of my poor self, Sir Crœsus."

"And being golden, they are of course weighty ones," sneered Gryller, the critic.

"Sir Crœsus is a man of weight," remarked Dudley Vane.

"Physically or financially?" inquired Sardonia, the cynic.

"The Golden Calf arrived at maturity," murmured Maude, with a glance at the retreating baronet's bovine figure.

"Yes, there is a resemblance between him and the idol of the Israelites he worships."

"Thereby justifying the saying that we grow to resemble those we love."

"Then," blurted Hautmere, in his bluff, outspoken way, with a glance at Maude, "there should be a strong likeness between the whole of *us* here!"

There was a momentary silence, for the cord that held them all alike had been jarred rather harshly by this last remark.

Suddenly and opportunely came the bray and blare of the band, giving the invitation to the "Soldaten Lieder."

"My waltz, I think, Miss Wilmington," said Kenneth, who had joined the group.

"Yes," Maude answered, rising, and the attendant court fell back as its queen and her cavalier stepped forth to dance.

And the pair started. Swiftly and smoothly they swept along over the ball-room floor, deftly piloting their way through the circling couples, themselves the most perfect pair of all that brilliant gathering. Round and round they swung together, floating as it were upon the sound-waves of the music, and his strong arm clasps her tighter and tighter still, with a passionate grip that makes her shiver as though with pain. His head is bent down till the black moustache touches the shell-like ear, into which hot hurried words are falling, and her lips move in reply to all he murmurs. On, on, in a wild rapturous whirl, till with a blare and a crash the——The glamour was upon him, and he led her to the conservatory.

That conservatory of Lady Broadwaters had much to answer for. It was so spacious yet so retired, so full of secluded nooks that gave a sense of utter isolation from the world, corners wherein one could nestle as in the heart of a forest, and where the silence was unbroken save by the silvery ripple of softly-plashing waters and the echo of the dance-music, mellowed by distance and the heavy *portières* to a mere melodious murmur. And then the thick sensuous atmosphere, heavy with the overpowering perfume of the tropics, the rich, half acrid odour of luxuriant vegetation, stealing over the senses to lull them in oblivion. For stately palms and giant ferns reared their feathery crests on high, whilst quaint-looking orchids, strange fleshy-leaved tropical plants, and bright-hued marvels of modern floriculture blossomed around.

Kenneth inhaled a long, deep breath, drinking in the subtle intoxication of this odorous atmosphere with all an Oriental's love of perfume, and then turned to his companion, who, with drooping lashes, played idly with her fan. He spoke, though could he have glanced beneath the silken fringe veiling those wondrous eyes that had lured him so steadily on, such words might not have fallen from his lips.

"'Tis a pity a waltz like that would not last for ever," he said with an eagerness entirely foreign to his usual tranquil manner, that showed the deeper feelings of his nature were stirred.

"But fancy going through life at that rate, like an express train with no ten minutes allowed for refreshment."

"We live quite as fast; modern life is a swift stream!"

"And a rocky one—to follow out your metaphor."

"And therefore it is safer to float down it in company!"

"Oh, no! Not for us weaker vessels; the brazen pot is sure to destroy the earthenware one."

"But surely the golden one has nothing to fear?" and the tone of these words told her all.

For though the full voice never faltered, and the syllables fell calmly and truly from the firm lips, there was a nameless something in the tone, no more to be rendered by the pen, than our consonants and vowels, group them skilfully as we may, can reproduce the song-flood of the nightingale, which showed her that the mask he had worn so easily and so well, had fallen to-night.

"No," she sighed softly, still with downcast eyes; and that one word influenced two lives.

"And would risk the voyage?"

"But you say there is no risk," with the laughing look and all the old coquettishness of manner returning, "unless it is that of the responsibility on the other side."

"There are some things for which a man would risk—all,—and one is yourself."

"As if—but there, here comes Lord Hautmere to claim a dance I promised him," and she turned to go."

"Till to-morrow, Maude," he said, bending towards her.

"Till to-morrow," she murmured, as she glided away.

A look of triumph lit up his dark, haughty features as he followed her into the ball-room; and there were not wanting keen eyes to read her fate upon his face. For those grim "watchers of the slain," the dowagers, sitting in silent array, and eagerly scanning each move in the great game of Matrimony nightly played before them, read this much with the skill acquired by long and constant practice, and passed the fact like a Fiery Cross from hand to hand. And those matrons who had seen Maude stepping ruthlessly in, from time to time, and destroying their most cherished hopes with quiet unconsciousness, knowing Kenneth, hoped afresh that she was snared at last, and hastened to set afloat the rumour that the consummation so devoutly desired was a *fait accompli.*

So that by the time the assembly dissolved, there was actually a whisper of Miss Wilmington's engagement.

Which whisper the proud girl heard—and writhed at.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SWITZERLAND.

In Lausanne, that fine old city on its three hills, near the beautiful Lake of Geneva, New Year's Day is celebrated with a masquerade procession, in which old Father Time drives the chariot of the New Year, personated by a beautiful young lady, who sits enthroned beneath a gorgeous canopy, while the Old Year is seated behind, decrepid and worn out. The rest of the procession includes a number of modern military and ancient men-at-arms, Indians and Druids; also a quaint ship, with a Cynocophalic guard dancing around it, as represented by our engraving.

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THE SHOES OF GLORY.

The following extract is taken from some very interesting letters written by a lady who resided for many years in Persia, and who one day had to suffer the punishment of the bastinado, or, as it is there politely called, "The Wearing of the Shoes of Glory," in consequence of having indiscreetly joined in some impertinent conversation respecting the character of the wife of the Minister of Police. The letter is too long for entire transcription.

"As Sofie and I were quietly amusing ourselves in the harem, a lady was announced from the Nasackchi Khanum (lady of the Minister of Police), who invited us both to an immediate audience of her highness. Suspecting no harm, I was puzzled and delighted, but Sofie was evidently troubled, and while we hastily arrayed ourselves in our most gorgeous trousers and brilliantly embroidered jackets, expressed her fears that we should have to answer for our light conversation of the previous evening. There was no help for it, however. Such an invitation is practically a command, so we stepped into our litters and in a few minutes arrived at the palace. Two other ladies, our companions of the night before, arrived at the same time, and their abject terror began to extend itself to me. A number of handsomely dressed women half-carried, half-led all four of us into the presence chamber. The scene was sufficiently striking; in the immense room were nearly a hundred girls and women, some dancing and playing, others at the different employments of the slaves of a great lady. At the top of the room sat the Khanum herself, and on each side of her divan were ranged six or seven gigantic negresses armed with tough whips of hide. In front of each group of the negresses a carpet was spread, and on each carpet (ominous sight!) lay a fellick—a wooden bar like a long, thick broomstick, with a running noose of stout cord passed through the centre.

"These preparations were alarming enough, and the sarcastic remarks of the women as we passed slowly up the room increased my uneasiness; but all this was as nothing to the moment when we stood before the divan, and the angry Khanum began to upbraid us:—'What is this I hear, O women of small understandings? Is my name, then, to be polluted in your mouths at every meeting of idle good-for-nothings? But there shall be a beating of feet for this. Seize, and bind, my furashes,' said she to the negresses; and in a moment our hands were twisted behind our backs, and our wrists tightly tied. 'Beat, beat,' continued the enraged lady, 'beat them till their nails drop!' and at the words Sofie and one of the others were carried to the carpets and laid on their faces. Their ankles were bound to the bar and raised in the air, while the negresses plied their whips with an evident delight. The screams of the victims calmed the Khanum; she resumed her pipe, and she now began to rally the sufferers, while the other women all laughed at and applauded her wit:—'Ah, ah! my children,' she said, 'you sing a different song now. I think this is much more respectful than your conversation last night.'

"After about one hundred blows the Khanum gave a sign, and they were unbound and carried to a sofa at the side of the room. Up to this moment I had scarcely realized my position; but now I suddenly felt myself helpless as a child in the arms of the swarthy giantesses. Screaming and struggling I was carried to the carpet and laid on my face. In another instant I felt the dreaded noose of the fellick thrown round my ankles, drawn tight and bind them immoveably to the bar. The bar was raised in the air, my jewelled slippers plucked off, and the next moment I was writhing under a shower of blows rained on the upturned soles of my unprotected feet from the cruel whips of the negresses. In vain I screamed for mercy, and promised amendment; in vain I threatened and bribed in the same breath. The Khanum stolidly smoked and the executioners rained yet sharper blows, while all the other women were laughing at my cries and contortions. At last the Khanum gave the welcome sign and the punishment ceased. My ankles were unbound, and I was carried, faint and exhausted with the pain, to a sofa. My pretty little slippers, now a world too small for my swollen and tingling feet, were brought by one of the girls, and then we were put into our litters and carried home. For the next week we lay on our sofas, having our feet constantly bathed by the slaves, and receiving visits from all our lady friends, who came ostensibly to condole with us, but in reality to make merry over our misfortune. As soon as we could walk, Sofie proposed a visit of ceremony to the Nasackchi Khanum, to thank her for the honour she had done us. I not unnaturally objected, but soon learned that if I did not pay such a visit, I should probably be invited to wear the Shoes of Glory again. Therefore I went, but was surprised agreeably by the conduct of the Khanum; who, after inquiring of me whether I found her arguments sufficiently convincing, received our thanks for her care very amiably, and entertained us with sweetmeats and the usual pipe. We found the negresses waiting for us when we retired from her presence, and were obliged to reward our tormentors for the pain they had caused us by a small sum of money, which is always expected from ladies who, like us, had suffered at their hands. Truly the Shoes of Glory are not only a convincing but a nexpensive argument, and I shall not be in a hurry to speak evil of dignitaries again."

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At Nice there is a Russian, who made many millions of roubles by railway speculations. He refuses now to go into society, and receives at his house none but the persons whom he knew in the happy old days when he had not a sou. To them he makes little presents of a thousand or two thousand roubles, and so on. He is an uneducated man, but passionately fond of music, and his one pleasure is to maintain an orchestra. He engages by the year the best musicians he can obtain; in the morning they take up their position at one end of a *salon* in his villa, he sits down in his arm-chair at the other end, and they play to him all day. This is a luxury to him—what is it to the musicians?

The pay-office at the Royal Marine Barracks, Walmer, was broken into during Sunday night, and about £1,900 was stolen, most of it in gold and silver money. The circumstances of the robbery are said to prove that the thief was thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the office and with the arrangements of the sentries. The rooms and boxes were opened by keys. The guard on duty are to be tried by court-martial. Suspicion rests, it is said, upon a man who purchased his discharge recently, and was seen in the town on Saturday, but has since disappeared.

At the Manchester Police-court, the men Chapman and Wetzler have undergone a final examination in connexion with the charge of fraud by means of sham jewellery. Evidence was given to show that the articles which they had pledged for large sums of money were of brass gilt, and one witness stated that they were valueless except as regarded the workmanship. Mr. G. A. Tolhurst gave evidence as to the inferior quality of the rings, chains, and brooches pawned by the prisoners; three rings produced had, he said, been pawned for £56, £23, and £73, respectively. Mr. Edward Hardaker, pawnbroker, deposed that he would not give a shilling a pound for the necklets and bracelets which had been produced; they were simply rubbish. The prisoners were committed for trial to the sessions, bail being allowed.

One morning, recently, Monsieur X. set out, first promising his wife that he would bring her that evening a brace of partridges at the very least. Punctually at ten o'clock the same night he returned home greatly fatigued, and covered with dust to the ears. His game-bag, however, appeared to be very full; and Madame X. at once concluded that her husband had had good sport. "How many have you, my dear?" she asked, taking up the game-bag. "Two, as I promised," nonchalantly replied M. X., throwing himself into a chair. "I had no sooner reached my destination than—bang, fire!—I had killed the brace." Reddening with pride, Madame X. opened the game-bag; but—O horror!—in place of the partridges, she drew from it a superb lobster rolled up in paper. Tableau! It was all the fault of the fishmonger. When applied to by the stammering sportsman for a brace of partridges, the tradesman mistook him, and gave him instead a "cardinal of the seas."

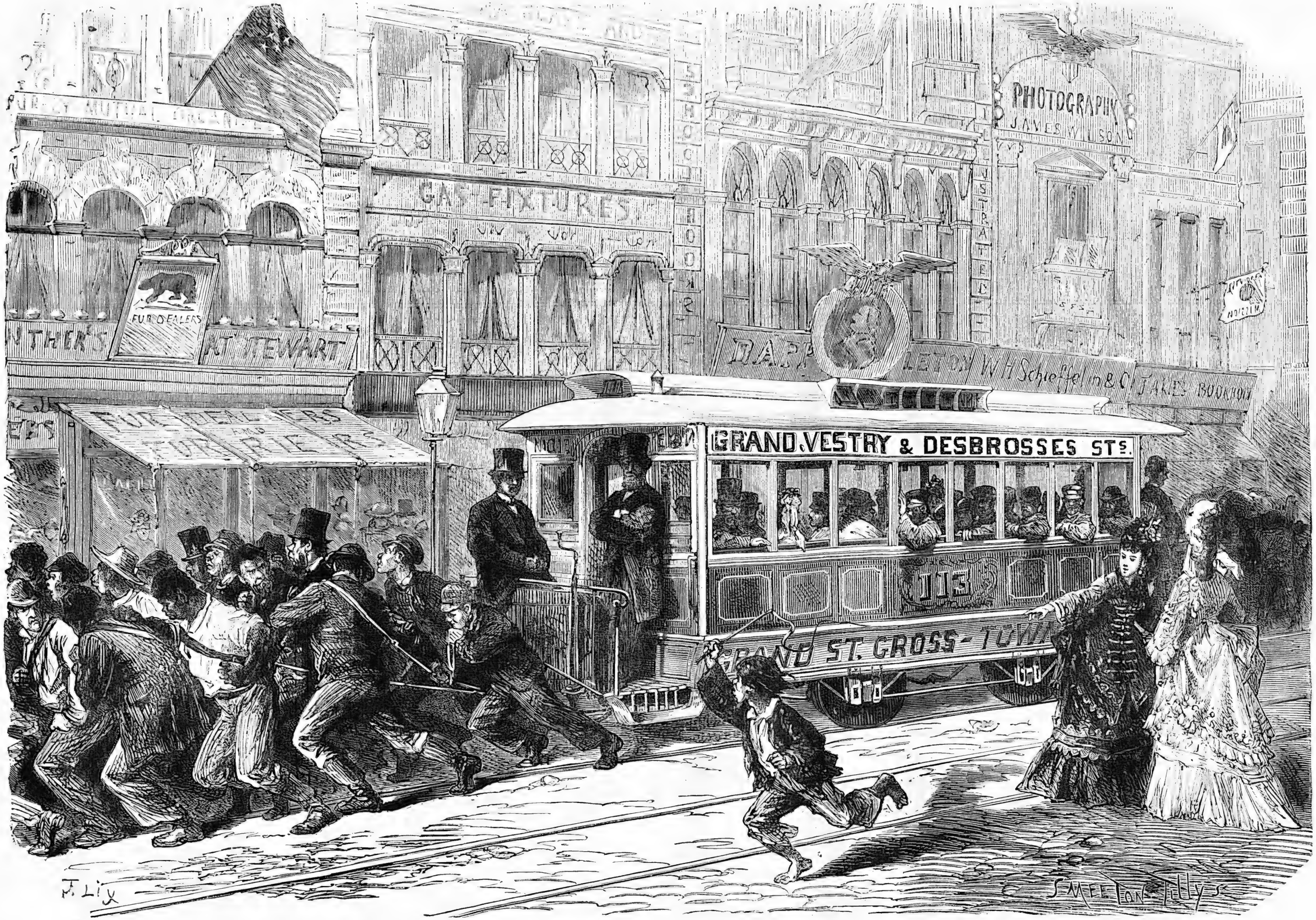
A New Zealand correspondent, writing on the state of things in the Feejee and adjacent islands, remarks that the cupidity of small traders was answerable for many of the worst evils of the Maori wars forty years ago. The same greed of gain which takes the form of slave-hunting in these days was then excited by the hope of profits to be made from supplying the Maori tribes with the means of exterminating one another by European weapons. Nay, it went further than this. One Captain Stewart, of the brig *Elizabeth*, actually sold the use of his vessel, on the promise of a cargo of flax, to aid the most ferocious of the native chiefs, Rauperaha, in the cruellest deed of the many he ever perpetrated, the murder of his hereditary foe, Tamaiharanui. Having taken on board Rauperaha and eighty of his warriors, the *Elizabeth* set sail for Banks's Peninsula, where the destined victim resided, and appeared in the form of a peaceful trader, her warlike cargo remaining carefully hidden. Stewart, having gone on shore and offered to buy flax, succeeded in persuading the unfortunate Tamaiharanui to come on board with his family and attendants, when the latter were at once massacred, the unfortunate chief alone being reser to die by special tortures at the pah of his captors on the return. His wife and daughter who were with him were r served for slaves, but, being unguarded on the way, th frantic mother strangled her child to save her from furth indignity, and was herself, of course, immediately murde It is a satisfaction to learn that Rauperaha, when safely l at his pah, cheated his base tool out of the promised paym and that, although when Stewart was put on his tri Sydney, on the information of some of the crew, for share in the murders, he was acquitted for want of di evidence.

There was unusual animation on new year's eve in Pa along the whole line of the Boulevards. The shops and war houses were crowded with purchasers, and Paris has seldo presented an appearance of greater animation. A lar number of the stalls were tenanted by natives of Alsace, whom the sympathy manifested by the Parisians must ha proved most profitable.

The fortifications of Cronstadt are being consider enlarged. A new battery, with six moveable iron turret being erected in front of the fort "Emperor Paul I."; it i be of the same height as the Constantine battery. 2,750, roubles have already been expended on this work, which i cost 3,000,000 roubles. On the southern battery (No. 4 ironclad breastwork for nine guns is being built at an e mated cost of 70,000 roubles. At Sebastopol the harbou being cleared and deepened, so as to enable large ships enter it; and the materials for such ships have already b sent to Nicolaïeff. It is said that the entrance to the harbo of Sebastopol will be strongly fortified. The town itself being rapidly rebuilt, and the population has been doubled within the last few years. Most of the new residents are Jews.

It is only as nations advance in years and civilization that their laws become barbarous and slow in their operation. There is something very refreshing in the account given by a San Francisco paper of the method in which law is administered in Yreka, California. The first Alcade in Yreka in 1871 was known as "Cut-eye Foster." This gentleman, it was stated, "left Noderkit and soon ran away, and George C. Vall reigned in his stead. No law book was ever used in court; he decided each case on its own merits, writing out the full history, and his docket is a curiosity." In one case brought before him a boy had driven a team from Oregon, and worked all winter for a man who declined to pay. He sold out in the spring, and was leaving suddenly, when, on complaint of the boy, Vall and two constables stopped him on the road. It was proved that he had received 3,000 dols. on his sale, but he declared himself unable to pay, though not denying the boy's claim. Judge Vall decided in these words, "Constables, stand this man on his head, shake him well, and see if you can't hear something drop." No sooner said than done. A vigorous shaking brought to light a wallet containing 2,000 dols. in gold dust; the boy received his claim of 300 dols., the judge and constables took an ounce a-piece for their trouble, and the defendant went his way a lighter man. Justice like this is cheap at three ounces.

More Cures (*this week*) by Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers.—From Mr. Thresh, Chemist, Dukinfield:—"Many cures of asthma, bronchitis, coughs, and colds, have come under my notice. No other medicine cures so quickly, safely, or pleasantly."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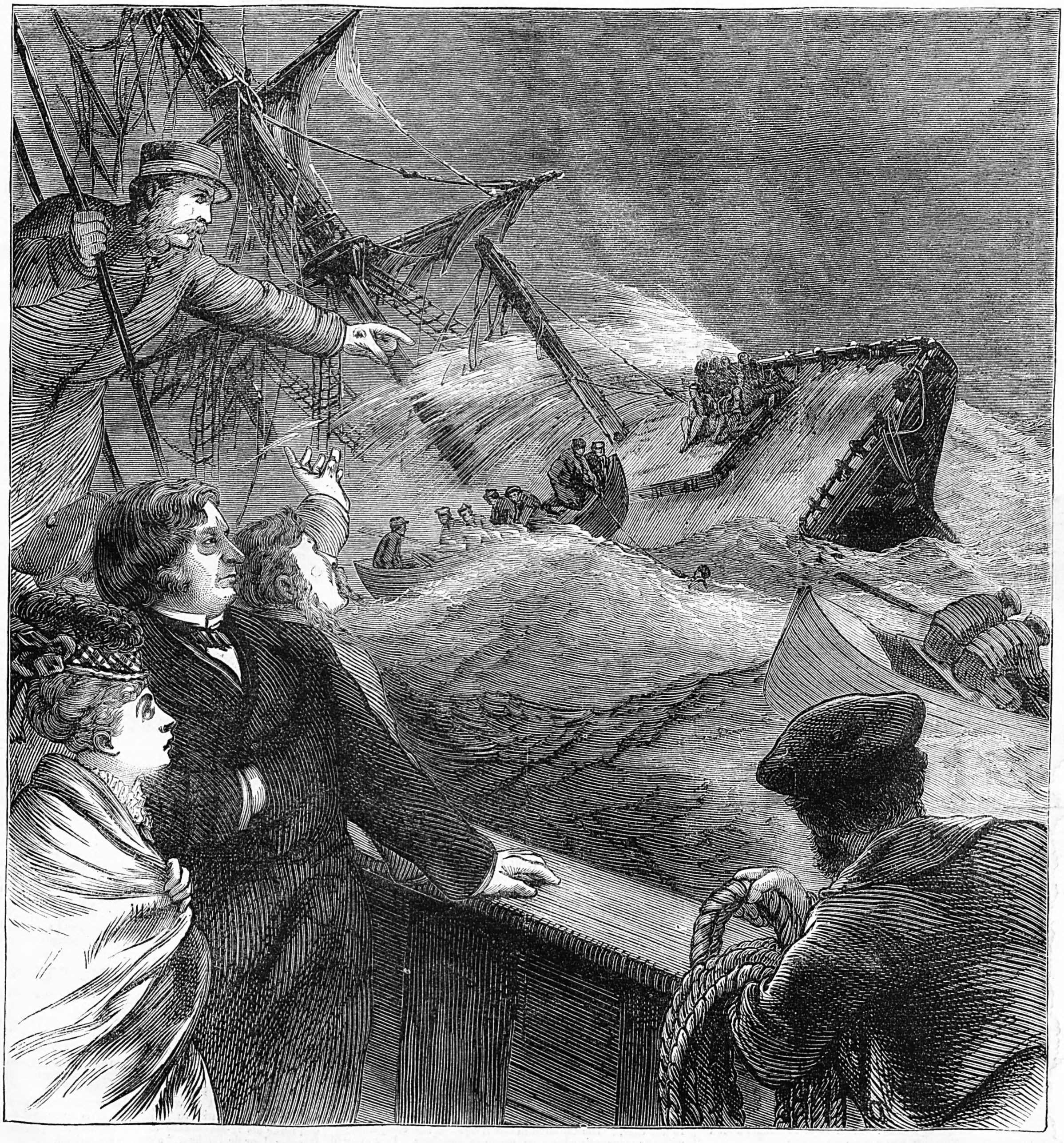
THE HORSE EPIDEMIC IN AMERICA.—The Tramway Cars Drawn by Men through the City of Boston.



WRECK OF THE "ASSYRIA."——Senator Sumner and other Passengers on board the Steamship "Baltic" witnessing the Gallant Rescue of the Wrecked Crew.

The following is the story of the rescue of the crew of the *Assyria*, as told by Senator Sumner, who was at the time a passenger on board the steamship *Baltic*:—

"We left Liverpool on the evening of Thursday, November 14th. We had gone on board early in the afternoon, but the tide was against us, and we were forced to wait. It was a most charming sail down the Irish Channel to Queenstown, and I began to flatter myself that I, who am very sensitive on that point, was to escape from the plague of sea-sickness. I always look for causes to effects, and I finally concluded that my good fortune was due to the large size of the ship, and I mentally resolved never again to go to sea in inferior vessels. I wrote jubilant letters to my friends in England, and sent them from Queenstown. I was in quite a fever of joy. We put to sea from Queenstown, and enjoyed pleasant weather until Monday, the 18th. Then a gale arose. Captain Kennedy told me that in one hundred and thirty-three voyages he has made across the Atlantic he never saw its equal. The sea pounded our noble ship without mercy. I lay sick in my berth, and could hear the hammering of the heavy waves upon the solid iron which surrounded me. They stove in two of our boats, and broke the staunchions—the iron staunchions—like pipe-stems. The water came into the cabin and state-rooms, through the ventilators. All the ships of that line, you know, are well ventilated, and thereby hangs a tale. The ventilators which let in the air, likewise let in the water. There was hardly a passenger whose berth was in a fit condition to sleep in. I had an entire state-room to myself, and the sofa and two berths were all water-soaked. The officers gave me temporary accommodation in some distant recess of the ship, which I could never have found myself. They led me there and put me to bed. It was small and dark, but still it was dry. And there I entombed myself, and heard the waves pounding against our noble ship. It was while I was in this seclusion on Monday that the boats were visited so violently by the waves. On Tuesday I did not get up. Tremendous waves were rapping against the side of the ship, and it seemed as if they would stave everything to pieces.

"The steamer was very uneasy that night, and the sea ran high. On Wednesday, at noon, a vessel was sighted in the horizon. Her mizen-mast was gone, and the flag was flying Union down, a signal of distress. The captain at once bore down upon her, and, as we gradually drew nearer, her condition became more apparent. It was about one o'clock before the passengers became aware of it. I was at lunch. I hurried on deck, and there, full before me, at a distance, but still absolutely before me as in a frame, was this terrible picture. A ship dismasted, and with a certain number of human beings standing upon the top of the cabin. The cabin was elevated above the deck, over which the sea was washing, and there they were huddled together. Captain Blanche told me afterwards that they had been for forty-eight hours in the rigging. They had divided themselves into squads, and climbed to the mast-heads. They had accumulated water and provisions up there, but to be in that position for forty-eight hours, it must have been terrible!

"The ship was without a rudder, drifting to and fro, and her sails were split, actually flying like so many ribbons. As the hulk rolled restlessly about, what an immense arc those poor fellows must have travelled in the air! It was terrible. The captain, in describing it to me, said that the deck at times was fifteen feet under water. The ship was loaded with timber, and they knew she could not sink as long as she held together. The danger was that the constant pressure of the masts upon the hull and keel would force her apart, and then she would be a mere *disjecta membra*. They saw our ship at ten in the morning. It was the first glad sight they had seen for forty-eight hours. Captain Kennedy called for volunteers to man the life-boats. The first boat was quickly manned and commanded by the second officer. It was a touching sight to see that boat leave the side of our steamer. She seemed so small a thing to battle with these huge waves. The passengers crowded on deck and looked after her. She reached the wreck in safety. The officer drove her forward upon a towering wave. She neared the side of the drifting ship, and five men leaped upon her. Then she was headed again toward the steamer. The five rescued men were landed safely on our deck, but the boat lost her rudder, and was unable to return to the wreck. The second boat was under command of the third officer. It reached the wreck and three men leaped aboard. Then a large wave carried it off. Two more of the sufferers were dragged aboard by ropes. One of these was a negro. The boat was large enough to take more, and the officer proposed to pull alongside again. But the bow oarsman became stricken with panic, and his panic infected the whole of the crew. He cried out, 'We can't take any more. If we touch that ship again we shall all go down!' 'Pull!'

shouted the officer. 'Strike for the wreck again!' He held a rope attached to the wreck and he tried to pull the boat alongside; but the oarsman gave the word to pull for the ship again, and the officer was powerless. He had seven poor suffering creatures in the boat, and the sea was running very high. He submitted to his men and returned to the steamer. The panic-struck oarsman was the first to strike our deck. There were still men clinging to the wreck, and another set of volunteers was called for. The sailors hung back. Then two of the saloon stewards came forward and offered to go. One of them took the bow oar, and the officer says he managed it with great skill. As soon as the wreck was reached three men leaped aboard. The captain and one man were still on the wreck. 'Pull again!' shouted the officer, and the noble-hearted stewards brought her alongside again. The captain was the last man to leave his lost ship. The passengers of our steamer were all very much touched by the scene, and in the evening at dinner, at the suggestion of many, I called the attention of the saloon passengers to what we had that day witnessed. My remarks were followed by others, who suggested that contributions be taken for our own heroic sailors and the poor fellows who had been shipwrecked. A committee was appointed, of which I was the chairman, to collect and distribute subscriptions. In a few hours we had collected upwards of £84. The next day we held a session of our committee to decide as to the proper method of distributing the money. There were many things to be considered, and we conducted the business in true Congressional style. The session lasted three or four hours, and we had before us captains Kennedy and Blanche, and the two officers who had commanded the boats. We finally decided on the following distribution: We gave £2 to each of our own seamen, except those who had practically mutinied, who went to the wreck. To them we gave nothing. To those who went to the wreck twice we gave £4. To Captain Kennedy we gave £10, with instructions to have a ring made for each of the two officers, with an appropriate inscription. To each of the shipwrecked sailors we gave £1; to the third officer of the *Assyria*, £3; to the second officer, £5; and the balance, some £17, we presented to Captain Blanche. As chairman of the committee, I made this report to the passengers, and they unanimously approved of it. And now, sir," taking his legs from the chair, and smiling, "I have told you all I know of the wreck of the *Assyria*. She was an English vessel, bound from Quebec to Plymouth."

THE HORSE EPIDEMIC IN AMERICA.

The eastern states of the American Union have been recently visited with a novel and mysterious epidemic which, simultaneously attacking the whole of the equine race, has led to an amount of confusion and inconvenience hard to be parallelled. In Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, Boston, and other cities, street-car travel was seriously interrupted, and in some instances entirely suspended.

Passing up and down the principal thoroughfares of New York, scarcely one out of three horses were found free from he disease. The depots of the various horse-car lines were ronged with horse fanciers and citizens, eager to learn the st mode of treatment. Merchants found it almost impossible get their goods from the depots and wharves, and to deliver customers. The steamship lines suffered from the immense lection of freight in their storehouses; and many were liged to send vessels on their regular trips with very light rgoes. The public markets were visited by but a few, and ese were anything but satisfied with the reasons given for e non-arrival of fresh meats, fruits, and vegetables. Fall ops of various products poured into the city, but the consignees were unable to get them to their stores.

Early in the week the railroad and stage companies began ithdrawing vehicles, as horse after horse gave out. Those at continued to run were crowded far beyond comfort. The reatest general notice of the disease was occasioned by this nterruption of the local means of travel. Merchants and rokers, shop visitors and mechanics, who assumed a partial esignation at the forced suspension of cartage and delivery, ould not regard with complacency the necessity of walking miles to reach home.

The necessity of pedestrian exercise from City Hall to Harlem appeared quite probable, while undertakers became armed at the possible inability of supplying the requisite ansportation for funerals. Great anxiety was also manited lest the horses of the Fire Department would succumb, s increasing the usual dangers of a conflagration.

any truck and hackmen kept their horses at work, but the precaution to have their necks and bodies carefully apped with blankets. If they manifested a kind disposion toward their animals, they certainly were determined to ake the most of their good luck. The prices paid for transort were enormous. One man got 100 dollars for the cariage of 100 barrels of whisky. From 15 to 25 dollars a load or ordinary merchandise was a common charge.

Ox-teams were very common in all parts of the city, and the farmers of the southern and middle counties of the State of New York found the ill wind blowing them considerable good. The sewing-machine firm of Grover & Baker employed a large number of such teams, their business rendering regular transportation a necessity. A team, with driver, was worth eight dollars per day.

In Boston, the car companies were so far reduced that a total suspension of travel was only prevented by the offer of the drivers to pull the car by hand. In this way a few trips were continued, the fare being raised to twenty-five cents. This mode of progression is shown in our engraving.

The early symptoms of this disease are said to be a light, hacking cough and general dullness, with an indisposition to move; cold ears and legs, with a watery discharge from the nostrils. At first the nasal membrane is pale, but as the disease advances it becomes highly coloured, the mucous discharge changes to a greenish or yellow colour, and the pulse becomes rapid. The epidemic generally lasts about ten days, and the animal then seems none the worse for having had it. Veterinary surgeons recommend that when the animals show symptoms of illness, rest and protection from cold by blankets and a comfortable stable are the first remedies that should be resorted to. Hot bran mashes, to keep the system open, are also generally recommended, while some doctors steam the head of the animal. The epidemic has all the characteristics of an influenza.

Sir E. Thornton, the British Minister at Washington, has addressed to Lord Granville a despatch, dated the 6th ult., on the subject of the disease. He had five horses attacked, and gives an account of the mode of treatment he successfully adopted, which was of a mild kind. It is believed that not a single horse in Washington escaped.

AT THE THEATRES.

Among the great attractions of the present festive season, may be mentioned the masque of "Jack and Jill; or, Old Dame Nature and the Fairy Art," now being represented at the Crystal Palace. Although it is called a masque, it is really a perfect comic Christmas pantomime.

The managers of the little French company in Soho have given additional solidity to their entertainment by the production of "Le Réveillon," an extravagantly comic piece, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, brought out early last autumn, with immense success, at the Palais Royal, and recently removed from the programme of that mirthful theatre.

Sheridan is decidedly in fashion now. The "School for Scandal" has been played at the Vaudeville for not far short of a couple of hundred nights; it has recently been revived for a short time at the Haymarket; and now the Princess's has taken the fine old comedy from its shelf; while another of Sheridan's masterpieces, "The Rivals," is being successfully acted at the Charing Cross Theatre.

Opera Bouffe under difficulties was performed at the St. James's on Saturday last. The orchestra struck, and the vocal music of the "Bridge of Sighs" had to be warbled to the accompaniment of a couple of pianos. The complication was also increased by the absence of Mr. Celli, whose part of Malatromba was undertaken by Mr. Mansell. The chorus has been dwindling away in the most rapid manner of late, and rumour says that this is due to the fact that the financial tide which should flow beneath the Bridge is very low indeed.

Most playgoers will recollect "A Happy Pair," the neat little duodrame brought out at the St. James's about four years ago. Belonging to a favourite French school of drama, the piece greatly depends on a racy dialogue, which could not be derived from a foreign source. Taking for his theme a little domestic squabble, that for a short time disturbs the otherwise even felicity of a newly-married pair, the author varies it with a number of conversational epigrams, which render it one of the most brilliant of modern English pieces. It is revived as a prelude to "Charles I." at the Lyceum.

The audacious mendacity of two hungry adventurers who pass themselves off as gentlemen of high position about to contest the next election for a country town, where they find themselves suddenly left penniless in the course of a provincial excursion, gives rise to a series of diverting situations that help to make the new farce produced at the Strand Theatre on Saturday night, under the explanatory title of "A Dodge for a Dinner," a sufficiently merry prelude to the more substantial entertainments of the evening. Bamboozling the landlord of the hotel which they have selected as the scene of their predatory enterprise, they not only succeed in obtaining a luxurious banquet by the use to which they apply the fertility of their imaginations, but the more impudent instigator of the imposture eventually contrives to obtain the host's pretty daughter for a wife, with a handsome dowry as an additional profit on the speculative undertaking.

The "School for Scandal," which holds its ground, notwithstanding the production of the highly successful pantomime, is worth seeing at the Princess's, if only for the sake of the remarkable manner in which Mr. B. Webster delineates the emotion of Sir Peter Teazle in the celebrated scene where the overthrow of the screen reveals the concealed lady. In the earlier portion of the piece some signs of physical weakness are apparent, and Sir Peter's sarcasms are not always uttered with the point of former days. But in giving the view of the screen scene, which is entirely his own, Mr. Webster displays an intensity of feeling which nothing can subdue. He is not a foolish old man in a ridiculous position, at whom everybody has a right to laugh, but an honourable gentleman, the happiness of whose entire life is destroyed by the discovery that the wife whom he adores has been on the point of deceiving him, and that his most confidential friend is his worst enemy. The look of desolation causes the situation to stand quite apart from the rest of the lively comedy.

Drury Lane Theatre, left almost alone in the matter of pantomime proper, has apparently suffered from the absence of opposition. Secure from rivalry, the manager has allowed a spirit of economy to preside over his arrangements, and while obtaining the services of the ingenious Mr. Blanchard, for nearly a quarter of a century the purveyor of Christmas entertainments to Drury Lane, has refrained from treating "The Children in the Wood," the author's last production, with any superfluous liberality. The scenic appointments of the play have rather a worn aspect, and Mr. Beverley, the artist of the establishment, has been content to retouch and reproduce former achievements rather than venture upon new. It is understood, however, that the present lessee's term of management is nearing its close, and he may not have cared to prepare the soil for a harvest he will be unable wholly to reap. In any case, "The Children in the Wood" is not comparable with the manager's efforts on previous occasions. It is even somewhat dull and depressing, although it has the merit of occupying less time in representation than usual. Possibly the spirits of all concerned have been damped somewhat by meditating upon the managerial situation. However, the popular Vokes family appear in the opening scenes, and are as numerous and indefatigable as heretofore, if they are not provided with full opportunities for the display of their abilities.

Clown and Pantaloon are to be found, of course, at the East-end, and over the bridges even so far as the Crystal Palace; but at Covent Garden, once their especial home, they are no longer visible. They have been sacrificed to the fairy spectacle of "Babil and Bijou," which, originally produced in August last, still keeps possession of the stage, and is found to be sufficiently attractive. The story remains as vague and occult as ever, and the spectators may still, if they so please, perplex themselves with its insoluble mysteries, or they may secure entertainment on more easy terms by disregarding the theme of the work, and considering only its embellishments of song and dance, scenery and costume. These have been enriched and rearranged for Christmas, and, viewed only as a spectacle, "Babil and Bijou" has certainly good claims to be accounted the most splendid production of its class ever seen upon the English stage. To the long list of dramatis personæ have now been added the famous grotesque dancer M. Espinosa, whose leaps and twirlings are very surprising indeed, and M. Collodion, the Parisian caricaturist, who, in the presence of the audience, exhibits his skill as a draughtsman, and produces portraits which, if they are not signally successful as likenesses, are at any rate achieved with extreme rapidity.

The new musical spectacle of "The Black Crook," written by the Messrs. Paulton, and produced at the Alhambra Theatre, is deserving of attention. This is a renovation of the old Parisian féerie, "La Biche aux Bois," which, under the name of "The Princess who was changed into a Deer," was presented at Drury Lane Theatre some five-and-twenty years ago, but without success, the audience of that time being unprepared for the length and elaborate magical plays which have since become so popular. The adapters have accomplished their task with inferior skill, and sometimes with execrable taste, as when they presume to parody Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." Moreover, they have sadly encumbered a very simple fairy story with redundant incidents and profuse and dull dialogue. "The Black Crook," indeed, is altogether much like a blockhead in a splendid suit. Mdlle. d'Anka appears as the Black Crook, and if the lady makes little pretence at portraying the spiteful fairy godmother of nursery lore, she is yet an imposing figure upon the stage, and sings her share of the music with good effect. Mdlle. Savelli, an accomplished vocalist, represents the persecuted Princess Desirée, and Miss Kate Santley, in the scantiest of raiment, appears as her abigail Gabrielle.

The expression of disapprobation or disappointment in reference to a burlesque does not always imply absolute and final condemnation. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that an extravaganza to which a stormy reception is at first given subsequently attains a lengthened run. A reaction, in fact, takes place when necessary alterations have been made, or, to speak plainly, when much that is superabundant and possibly imbecile has been removed. A playgoer of only moderate experience would be able to cite numerous instances of light pieces, tastefully placed upon the stage, outliving the opposition of a first night; and, bearing this truth in mind, we can but think that Mr. Alfred Thompson's "flight of imagination," "How I Found Crusoe," will yet be found an attraction at the Olympic Theatre. Stage waits, delays, and general confusion unfortunately increased towards the end, and the curtain fell upon anything but the success we had sincerely hoped to record. For all this, we are loth to regard Mr. Thompson's extravaganza as a failure, and we venture to think that there is enough in it (as the phrase goes) to make a success for the management. Reserving rhyme for the vocal illustrations, the author has written dialogue which is often very smart if sometimes rather saucy, and exhibiting a remarkable proficiency in the Parisian school of art, the designer has caused all the pretty faces and figures at his command to appear in a succession of costumes at once bright, bizarre, and becoming, and showing richness of material and harmony of colour in striking combination. The two scenes of the extravaganza are, moreover, excellently arranged and effectively painted. The exterior of the hotel at Geneva, the work of Mr. G. Gordon, is very well contrived; and Mr. J. Hicks has produced a charming picture of a wide lake, set in a leafy frame of towering palm-trees, and seen under the dazzling rays of a tropical sun. A group of Continental tourists assemble at the Swiss Hotel during the time of the Geneva Conference respecting the Alabama claims, and as soon as the decision of the arbitrators is made known, the desire of Sir Digby Cataline, an English member of Parliament, to learn if Robinson Crusoe be still in existence, is instantly responded to by Gustavus Adolphus Swagg, special correspondent to the *Early Avalanche*, who undertakes the inquiry. The memorable meeting between Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone is afterwards imitatively represented by the encounter of the special correspondent with Robinson Crusoe amid a party of Amazons, and the anxiety of the long-secluded Robinson to receive information of what has been amusing the town during his absence furnishes an opportunity of passing under review both the play-bills of the day and the Amazonian army, who find their parasols instantaneously supply sword and shield. Nothing could be brighter than the commencement of the sketch; but after a while the fun flagged, the allusions were not so quickly apprehended, and a mishap with the machinery, which caused the abrupt withdrawal of a marionette theatre where the puppets of pantomime received embodiment from living individuals, came at an awkward period, and caused the curtain to fall flatly. Neverthe less, with the advantages of abridgment and additional rehearsals, the skitty sketch may prove an attractive afterpiece.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Mdlle. Friese, a Berlin lady, is the most recent addition to the small body of female violinists.

The Parsee Elphinstone Dramatic Club of India have lately given an English performance, consisting of "The Robbers of the Rhine," and the farce "Hunting the Turtle."

At M. Gounod's first concert on the 8th of February, at St. James's Hall, his new requiem will be performed by the members of his choir.

Capoul is about to give his last representation at the Italian Theatre, Paris, in "Marta." It is rumoured that he will make his re-appearance at the Opera Comique, in "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," about to be revived.

Two of the café-concerts of Brussels, the Alcazar and the Alhambra, have adopted the plan of interdicting smoking on one night in the week. On the first essay the house was crowded in both cases.

Mdme. Nilsson is now at Moscow, where she is about to sing in "Hamlet." The part created by Faure will be played by the baritone, Guajiani. At the last representation at St. Petersburgh, the Swedish diva received an ovation.

A novelty in gentlemen's dress is promised at Boston. The bosom of the shirt is to have a few bars of music printed upon it, in some cases with words. Gentlemen wearing them will stand behind pianos to be sung and played from.

At the Aosta Theatre, on the occasion of a benefit, at the close of the performance, two pigeons, each with a bank-note for £200 under his wings, were to be let loose in the house, the money to belong to whoever could catch them.

Wagner is reported to have forbidden the performance of his "Tristan et Yseult" at the Grand Theatre of Berlin. He assigns as a reason for this arbitrary proceeding, that the city does not possess a conductor able enough to bring out so elaborate a work.

The playing of a Polish pianiste, a pupil of Abbé Liszt, is creating a great sensation in Paris. She has confined her displays to pieces by her teacher and Chopin. Her mechanism is said to be marvellous, but the critics disagree in regard to her touch and style.

A new opera, "Harold; or, The last King of the Saxons," has just attained a great success at Kœnigsberg, in Prussia. It is the first attempt of a young composer, Gustave Dullo, who has openly avowed himself a declared adversary of the system of Richard Wagner.

IN COURT.

Prosecution of a Banker.—Mr. Robert C. M. Bowles, 43 years of age, an American, and a member of the banking firm of Messrs. Bowles Brothers and Co., of the Strand, who failed in November last, attended for the fifth time before the Lord Mayor, at the Justice-room of the Mansion House, to answer the charge of having unlawfully and in violation of good faith transferred, pledged, and appropriated to the use and benefit of himself and his partners, certain valuable securities, namely, 200 debentures of the Lombardo-Venetian Railway Company, belonging to Messrs. Thos. D'Agiout *père et fils*, bankers at Naples; three United States Bonds of 1,000 dollars each, one Massachusetts bond for £200 sterling, and ten South Lombardo-Venetian Central Railway bonds, of the value in all of £973, belonging to Mrs. Maria Gates; and 30,000 dollars in Virginian bonds, worth £2,857, the property of Mr. Robert Gardiner, a retired Commissary-General; all of which had been entrusted to him and his firm, as bankers, for safe custody. The defendant had been admitted to bail in his own recognisances in £4000, and three sureties in the sum of £4000, and he duly surrendered at the opening of the Court. The proceedings excited considerable interest.

Mr. George Lewis, jun., solicitor, conducted the prosecution; Mr. Metcalfe appeared as counsel for the defence.

The evidence for the prosecution, which has been fully reported, concluded at the last examination, held on the 14th December, and

Yesterday Mr. Lewis applied to the Lord Mayor to commit the defendant for trial upon the statutable charges of making away with the securities deposited with him as a banker for safe custody, and also for conspiring with Charles Bowles, his brother, and with Keith and Sullivan, the managers, to commit such offences.

Mr. Metcalfe, speaking on behalf of the defendant, urged that, although much evidence had been adduced that the securities in question had been improperly and criminally dealt with by some of the members of the firm, yet that evidence did not in fact apply to the defendant. It was not because one partner in the firm had dealt criminally with the securities that the rest of the partners were to be involved in the charge, and such a supposition ought not to be entertained for a moment. That being so, he admitted that in the cases of Mrs. Gates, M. D'Agiout, and Mr. Gardiner, there was abundant evidence that the securities were deposited, and had been most improperly and criminally tampered with, and for those persons no one could help feeling and expressing deep sympathy; but it was still very important that the mind of the Court should not be influenced by that feeling in deciding as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant. There could be no doubt that Charles Bowles was deeply stained with the guilt of the transactions, and there was a paragraph in a morning paper that day to the effect that he had been arrested in the State of Massachusetts. [Mr. Lewis, interposing, observed that was merely a civil process.] However that might be, it would have been much more satisfactory if he could have been brought, if possible, within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, and called to account for the offence he had undoubtedly committed. From first to last the defendant had declared that he had nothing whatever to do with the deposit of the securities, and that it was not until M. D'Agiout interrogated him on the subject that he became aware of that fact. The other brother had gone away, as had also Keith, the manager, and Sullivan, and Robert Bowles alone was left to bear the brunt of this terrible charge. Mr. Metcalfe submitted that under the circumstances he was entitled to ask the Lord Mayor to relieve the defendant from the serious position in which he was placed.

The Lord Mayor said the case had now been before him for some time, and from the first it had received his very best consideration. He had that morning, before taking his seat on the bench, read the evidence from beginning to end, and had since listened attentively to the arguments which Mr. Metcalfe had addressed to him. Desiring to give all those arguments their due weight, he could nevertheless arrive at no other conclusion than that the defendant Robert Bowles was one of the partners of the Bank, and as such was sufficiently cognisant of its dealings and affairs to justify him in sending the case for trial, it being really one which should be investigated by a jury. In the meantime he should admit the defendant to bail in the same amount as before—namely, £8,000 in all.

Mr. Oke, the chief Clerk, told the defendant, at the request of the Lord Mayor, that he would be charged with having, between the 1st of January and the 1st of November last, in the City of London, he having been intrusted by Antonio Thomas D'Agiout and others, jointly with three other persons, as bankers, with certain valuable securities—namely, 200 debentures of the Lombardo-Venetian Railway Company, for the payment of various sums, amounting together to £2,200, for safe custody, without any authority to sell, negotiate, transfer, or pledge the same—unlawfully, in violation of good faith, and contrary to the object and purpose for which the debentures were so entrusted to him, pledged and converted them to his own use. He would also be charged, with others, with unlawfully pledging and converting to his and their own use other securities of the value together of £7,822, which had been intrusted to them for safe custody, and with conspiring with Charles Bowles, Keith, and Sullivan to commit those offences.

The defendant, replying to the usual caution from the bench, said he was "Not Guilty."

The Lord Mayor then formally committed the defendant to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court, but, in the interval, admitted him to bail in his own recognizances in £4,000, one surety in £2,000, and two sureties in £1,000 each.

A Model Policeman.—Thomas Farley, a young man, residing at 2, Sidmouth-road, Battersea, has been charged before Mr. Newton, at Marlborough-street Police-court with being drunk and disorderly. Police-constable Nowell said that while on duty in the Regent-circus, Oxford-street, the night previous, the prisoner, who was drunk, came up to him and said, "Old fellow, have half a pint of beer?" He told the prisoner he could not have it, upon which he said, "Well, have a pint, then." He moved a little distance, thinking the prisoner would go away, and while directing a young woman the way to the Portland-road Station, the prisoner put his arm on the young woman's shoulder and said, "I'll show you, my dear." As the prisoner, would not go away, he took him into custody. The prisoner said he certainly did ask the constable to have something to drink, but the constable, to his surprise, refused. He had asked many a constable a similar thing, and never before had his invitation been declined. Mr. Newton said he considered the prisoner's conduct to be disgraceful in tempting a constable to drink, and fined him 10s.

The Peer and the Bailiffs.—At the Westminster Police-court on Monday, Thomas Henry Parkinson and William Jones, butler and footman to the Earl of Winchelsea, 91, Victoria-street, Westminster, appeared to answer summonses for assaulting Mr. Vincent, one of the bailiffs of the Westminster County Court. Vincent had been served with a cross-summons, at the suit of Parkinson, for assault. Mr. Smyth, in opening, said that although the assault was not of a serious nature, the case was of the utmost importance, as the officer had been resisted and assaulted in the execution of a *fi. fa.* upon the goods of the Earl of Winchelsea, who had been sued in the Westminster County Court. No appearance was put in; judgment was obtained, and a *fi. fa.* issued on the goods of his lordship. Vincent went to 91, Victoria-street, with the warrant of distress. He was violently resisted by both defendants, but he managed to get in. Two chairs were seized, and taken away, but they had since been claimed by the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Turner, trustees to the estate of the Countess of Winchelsea. Mr. Lewis, in defence, said the officers had no right in the house; the Earl of Winchelsea was only living there on sufferance. Mr. C. Hunt, clerk to Messrs. M. and F. Davidson, solicitors, proved that the lease belonged to the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Turner; the goods were theirs. Mr. Woolrych held that this was fatal. The proceedings should be before the judge at the County Court. He should make no order, but abstain from exercising jurisdiction.

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THE CORAM STREET MYSTERY.

On Christmas Day, in the afternoon, a mysterious murder was discovered at the house No. 12, Great Coram-street, Russell-square. The victim is a young woman, named Harriet Buswell *alias* Clara Burton, aged twenty-seven, who only three weeks ago took apartments at the above address. She was, it is said, in the habit of accepting engagements as a supernumerary at the various theatres and music halls; but at all events this much is certain, that she regularly frequented the Alhambra, the Argyle Rooms, and other places of entertainment. On Tuesday night, according to her usual custom, she left her apartments about ten o'clock, having previously borrowed a shilling from a fellow lodger named Nelson. On her return deceased told Nelson that she had met "a very handsome German gentleman," who had bought her a quantity of oranges and nuts after they left the Alhambra; and these she gave to her landlady to take care of. She went upstairs with the "gentleman," who preceded her, as if he knew his way, to the second floor back room. She came down directly afterwards with half a sovereign, from which the landlady (Mrs. Wright) took 9s. on account of rent, and returned 1s. to the deceased, who then went to the room of the girl Nelson. The deceased appeared as if she had been drinking a little, and chatted very freely, till Nelson warned her not to leave a strange man upstairs, and she went away, but again came down to the landlady and asked for some bottled stout, which, however, it was too late to obtain. She then went upstairs, and nothing further was heard of either her or the man till about half-past six on Wednesday morning, when he was heard descending the stairs. He walked measuredly along the passage, and slammed the street door after him. Mrs. Wright mentioned the circumstance to her husband, but no notice was taken of it, nor did anything at all suspicious transpire until between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when the deceased, not coming down, the landlady went up to call her. Receiving no answer she got breakfast for the deceased, and it was taken up soon afterwards. Not being able to make her hear, the landlady looked through the keyhole, and saw the clothes of the deceased lying on the floor, but nothing could be seen to indicate the shocking crime that had been perpetrated. As the girl Nelson was better acquainted with the deceased than anybody else in the house, the landlady went down to her, and upon their going to the room and bursting open the door a most ghastly and fearful sight presented itself. The dead body of the woman was seen lying in the bed, her throat being cut deeply under the ear, and the jugular vein being severed. There was another deep gash a little lower down extending to the upper part of the left breast. Life was quite extinct. The supposed murderer, for whose apprehension a reward of £100 has been offered, is described as being about twenty-five years of age, five feet nine inches high. He has neither beard, whiskers, nor moustache, but it is supposed hat his beard, when grown, would be rathert dark. He has a swarthy complexion, and has blotches or pimples on his face. He was dressed in dark clothes, and dark brown overcoat down to the knees; and had on a dark billycock hat and rather heavy boots. He is believed to have carried a walking-stick.

The above facts were elicited at the inquest, and now, after some five days' investigation, in the course of which such information as was procurable, and such circumstances as could be accurately ascertained, have been got together by Mr. Superintendent Thomson, the conclusions arrived at are as follows:—First, that it is perfectly clear that the deceased left her lodgings in Coram-street about ten o'clock on Christmas Eve, and that she went to the Alhambra, where she arrived a few minutes before eleven o'clock. It appears pretty certain she either went to the Alhambra in the omnibus, by way of Euston-road, returning by the same route, or walked down Russell-square, Southampton-row, Queen-street, Long Acre, and so on to Leicester-square and the Alhambra. It is supposed that the deceased was at Piccadilly Circus at twenty-five minutes past twelve that night, or rather Christmas morning, and that she entered the last Islington and Brompton omnibus. In this vehicle were five persons, who must have seen the man who rode with her. The important point, therefore, to know is, how the deceased passed her time between the hours of eleven and twenty-five minutes past twelve o'clock. It has been ascertained that at the Alhambra she had some Irish whisky, and this would account for the portion of lemon-peel found in her stomach at the post-mortem examination. Three assumptions as to the place and manner in which she met the foreigner are thus put forward. She must either (1st) have met some man in the Alhambra, with whom she walked away; or (2nd), she must have gone from the Alhambra to Piccadilly, circus to get her 'bus, and met some person on the way, either in Leicester-square, Princes-street, or Coventry-street: or (3rd) she must have spoken to a man while waiting for the 'bus at the circus. Then, say the police authorities, in either of these three cases, Harriet Buswell must have been noticed by a number of persons, as her dress, though somewhat ladylike in appearance, was singular. It was composed of a green silk dress, black silk velvet jacket, and a dark green "brigand" hat with large red feather. These conclusions arrived at by the police are quite irreconcilable with the story put into the mouth of the deceased, to the effect that she met the foreigner while listening to the "waits" in Russell-square. There can be little doubt that she was set down by the 'bus at the corner of Judd-street, walked up the street to the green-grocer's shop, and then went home. The only point open is that she might have stopped at the corner of Compton-street to listen to the music playing at Brunswick-square. As Harriet Buswell was late in coming home, the excuse to her landlady uppermost in her mind would be that she had stopped in the street to listen to the "waits." Nothing further has been ascertained of the woman's antecedents, save that once, when she got £30 from India, she went home to her native place to spend it, in preference to leading her usual life in London. At the present moment the police do not feel they have any direct clue to the man who committed the crime, but they are far from saying that there is no one upon whom they look with suspicion.

The remains of the young woman were interred in the Brompton Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.

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"MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD."

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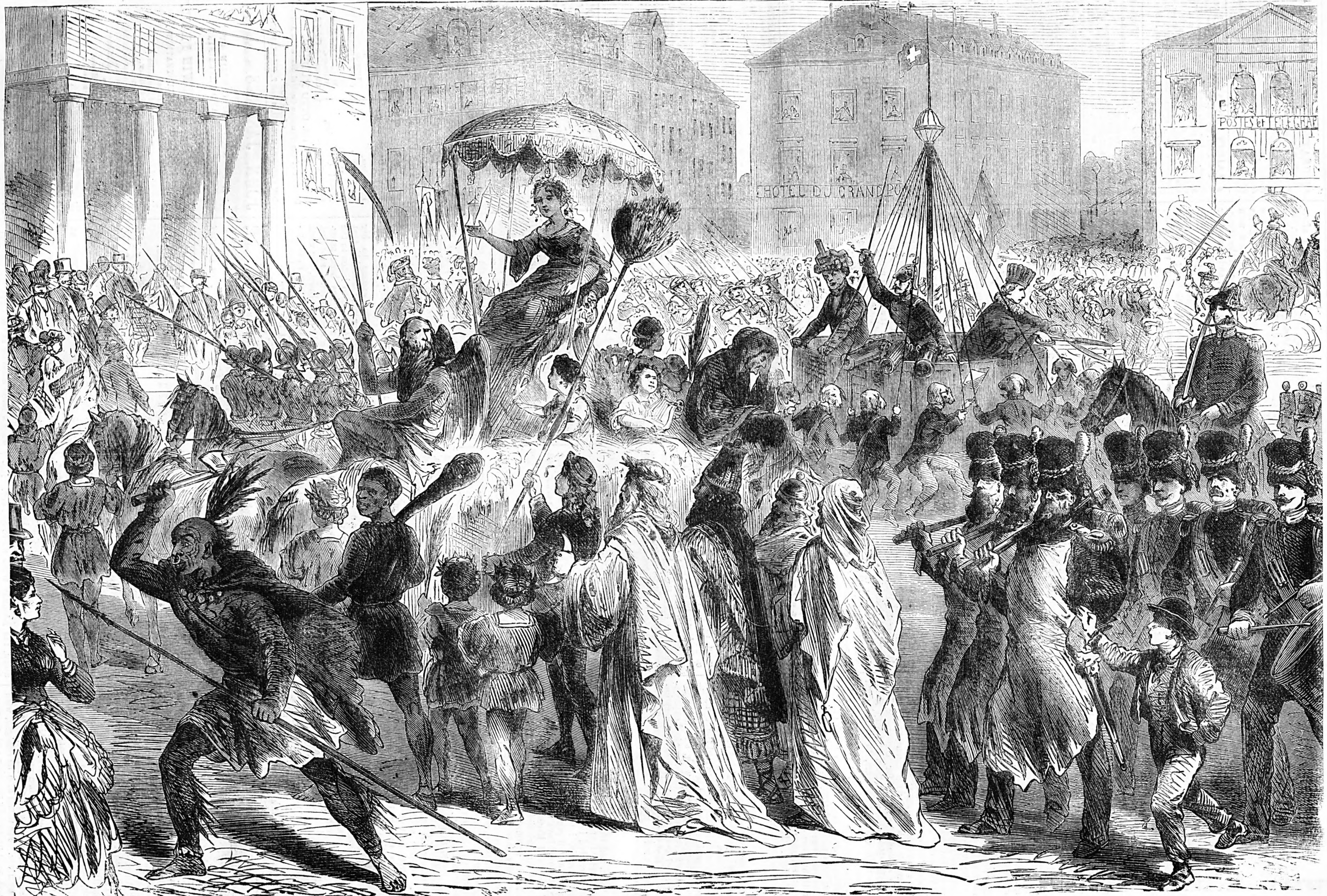
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